

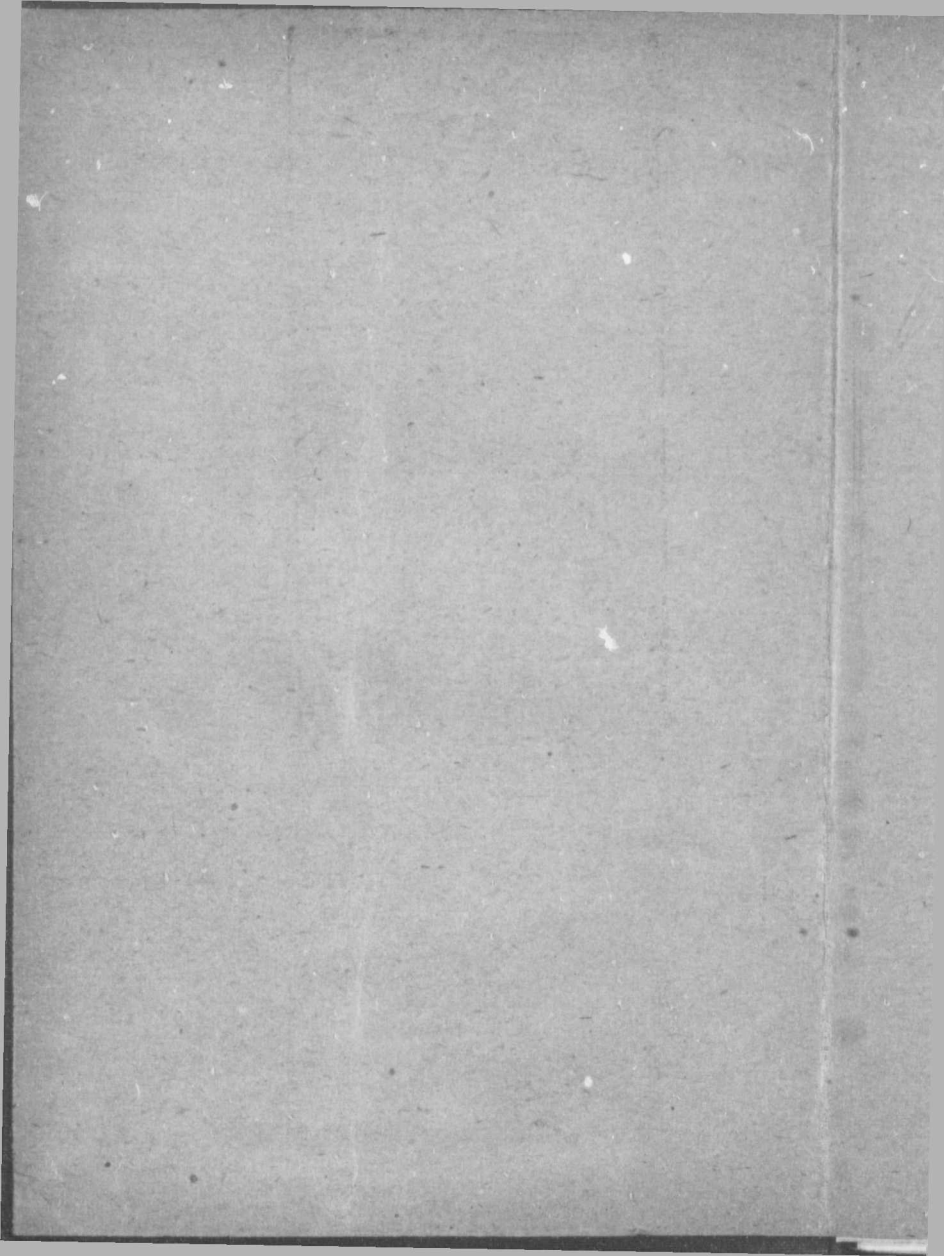
THE

STARBORN

OF THE

CONJURER

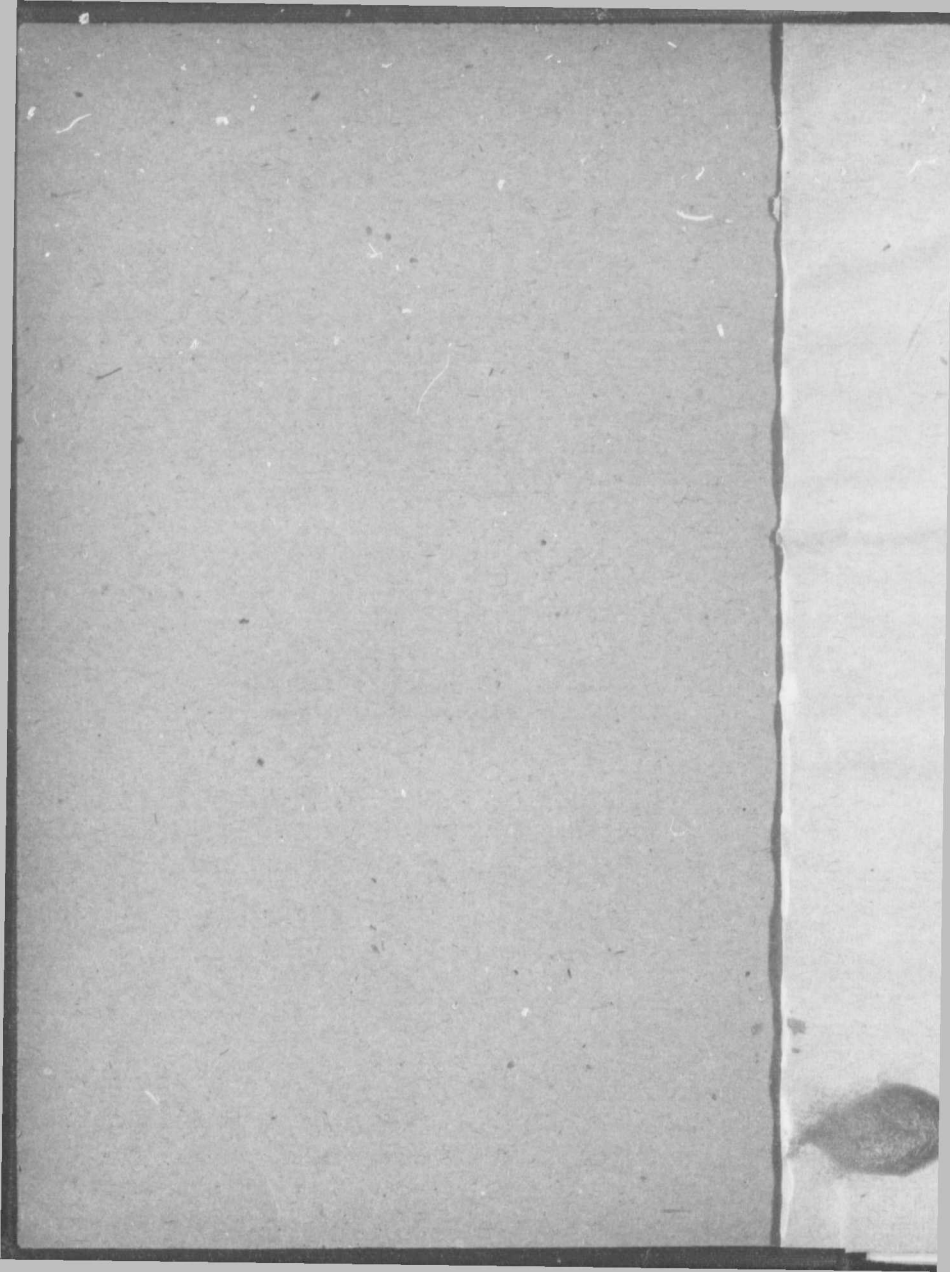
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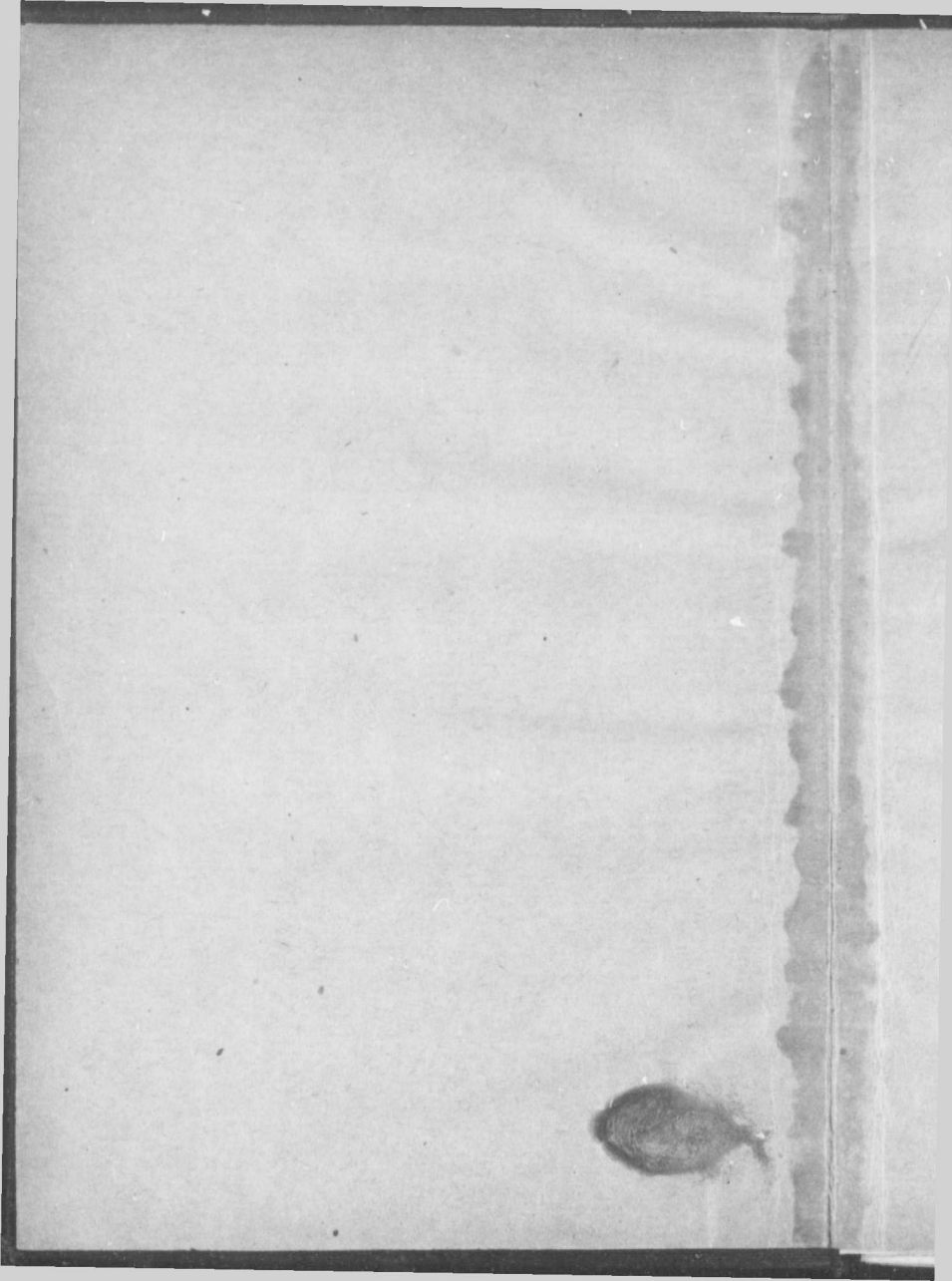
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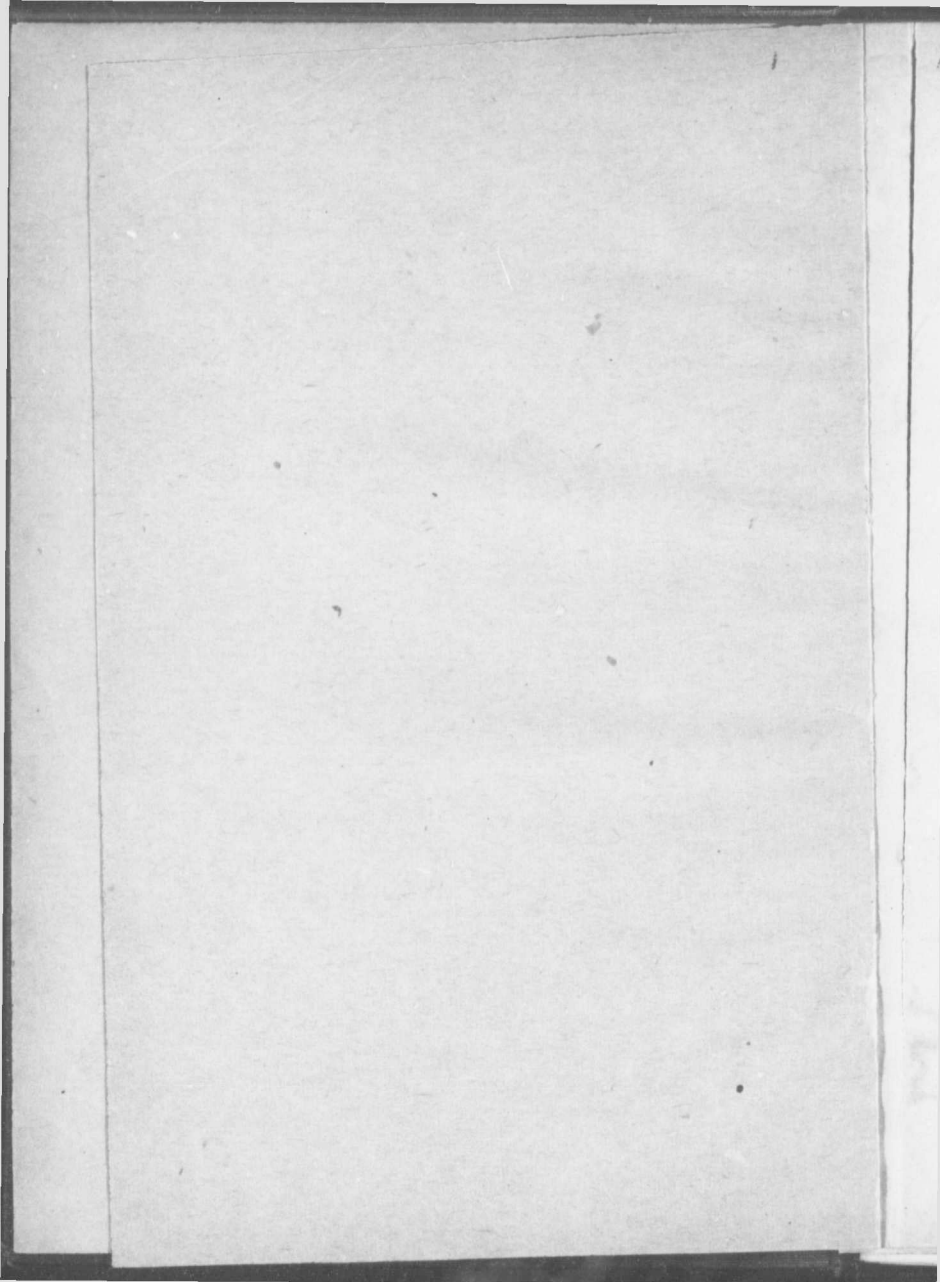








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STARBORN.

THE

CONJURER.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

BY

George Arthur Hammond,

AUTHOR OF

THE INDIAN GIRL. MONGACHTAPE. THE TRUFFLEUR.  
THE HARP. THE LAKE OF TEARS. ON THE STRAND.  
QUEEN VICTORIA'S OLIVE TREE, AND OTHER POEMS.

THE STORK FLYING EASTWARD.

THREE VOLUMES IN MINIATURE.

A SERENADE. THE TWO OFFERINGS.

THE RECLUSE: A CANZONET.

THE PHANTOM BOAT: AN ICON. FOSTER MOTHER'S STORY,

JASPER AND ANEMONE: A PHILOSOPHIC RAMBLE.

RAYON: AN IDYLIC VAGARY.

NEVADA'S PETRIED TREE. PILLAR OF WITNESS.

THE CROWNING TEST. STARBORNtheCONJURER.



LAHSTOQ RUSTIC PRESS,

KINGSCLEAR. CANADA.

1903





STARBORN,  
*THE CONJURER.*

PREFACE.

AS Dagon fell on his face before the Ark of GOD and after being set up fell again, His hands and head cut off, and nothing but the stump of Dagon left. So the towering spurious Science of the age will tumble down before the majesty of Truth, leaving its worshipers to croon or blare over a stark handless and headless stump.

Starborn, in common with all devotees of witchcraft, and consulters of the dead, was deceived and befooled by a demon who pretended to be the spirit of Lola. He met the fate to be feared by all spiritualists and mediums.

Satan, amidst his boasting, is made to tremble and to acknowledge truths he too well knows and dreads.



P R E F A C E .            2.

The Bible is the word of God, the only authority in the manner, and the date, of the Creation of Heaven and Earth. Amidst the awful terrors of Sinai, Almighty God proclaimed: "In six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day"

**IN the BEGINNING**, strictly *B'reshith* is In Beginning, the first thing done, commencement **GOD** created the heaven and the earth. The great star-cloud of the *Milky Way*. To which our solar system belongs. Occupying a nearly central position in the vast lenticular Clustre.- Ours is very far from being the only vast system of suns to be discovered in the shoreless regions of space. In whatever direction the astronomer points his telescope, wonderful and mysterious star-clouds, float on the field of view. Of these we may dream, but know nothing. But of our own heavens and earth the date and manner of birth are given in the first chapter of Genesis.

## P R E F A C E . 3.

On that signal Evening, which began those Six Days of Creation. At the command of God instantly this stupendous volume of spheres arose Notwithstanding its wondrous complexity, every globe in orbit and position with its impetus, and in action. Many, or perhaps all the spheres, were enclosed in water, as the earth was. "The Spirit of God was hovering over the face of the waters, And God said: Let there be light." An illumination which marked the periods of light and darkness. But none of the globes were constituted Suns until the Fourth Day. The preparatory work being complete, the central orbs of the myriad systems were now made Suns. Permanent distributors of light and heat,

No addition was made to the original stores of the earth. Its mineral treasures were created with it, and locked in. Its surface only was "wastness and emptiness. And by repeated creations, was replenished and made glorious with the exquisite wonders of vegetable and animal life, during the remaining five Days. The atmosphere formed, the


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#### 4 P R E F A C E

strata of the earth subjected to depressions and upheavals. Hills and valleys were formed. Deep basins for the seas. Lofty mountains. Meandering rivers. On the Sixth Day. Amidst the glory of birds and luxuriance: God created the amazing varieties of living creatures. And crowned the glorious work by the creation of Adam in His own image-

The time-recording movements of the heavens, in their periodic cycles, bear along with them the exact date of the First Day of Creation. Then all the cycles started simultaneously—at the same instant. That first, that single instant, in which God created this immense Star-clustre. Created with all its spheres and energies in full play.

This original point of complete coincidence can be found by working the cycles back. This has been done in his work "The Date of Creation," by Professor Dimbleby. Proving indisputably that all the Cycles of Time started together (which can never again occur) at the Autumnal Equinox 3996 years before the Birth of JESUS CHRIST.







STARBORN THE CONJUBER

A Dramatic Poem

IN SIXTEEN SCENES,

The Persons.

Starborn, a Saxon	his wife	Elkona.
Cetump, an old Chief.		Almo.
Walla		Kola.
Polsis	Boys	
Gabe	Semmo.	
<i>Disembodied Spirits.</i>	Thylpa.	
Alvan.	Inawan.	
Walter. Rodolph.		

*Mutertaltzed.* Lola.

*Demons.*

Satan. Beelzebub.

Professor of Embryonics, and others.





## STAR BORN.

### THE CONJURER.

A Dramatic Poem.

Scene First.

A FOREST. *Semmo and Thylpa, with bows  
and arrows. Discovered talking.*

**F**IVE days of beauty-lustrous royal eagles!  
Have sailed across the sky on lofty wings,  
Since I am with you, and now goes the sixth.

SEMMO.

Yes 'twill be seven tomorrow—But what of it?

THYLPA

Oh nothing—Hunt our arrows in the gulch.  
They fell anear that gnarled tree by the brook.  
*Semmo runs off in search of the arrows.*

That simple Boy has thirteen summers trod  
This earth of beauty, and ne'er saw it yet.  
Sublimity, its ministering genius,

To him is still an undiscovered Lake,  
 A mystery of beauty lost and hidden  
 In the thick Forests : A sweet strain which yet  
 Never has reached his ear. No ! scarcely miss it,  
 Were it uptaken as the plenteous dews  
 Which beal the flowers at morn, if there were left  
 Game on the hills and pastime. 'Twas his arrow  
 Brought down the hawk—this tickles him, I shot  
 Wide of its wing on purpose.

In blue patches

Gleams the soft sky, cloudless, and even now,  
 On the strong hills and mighty forests resting,  
 Green with all summer gifts,—No ! shall I be  
 A stalking Moose roving embellished hills,  
 Untasting and insensible, for all  
 That I could dream or have imaged yet ?

*A rabbit leaps from a bush.*

Nay ! pause a little with thy glossy coat.  
 And graceful movements Semmo spies thee not,  
 And I have often missed as fair a mark.  
 —Yet there is bliss in this free solitude,  
 A relish and a marvel and a power,  
 In all these things—the earth and its strange sky,  
 Which fill my musing spirit with proud themes,



Reverent and shadowy.

*Semmo returns, bringing a hawk*

Sem, you have bagged the bird.

SEMMO.

Yes, and have beat you twice.

THYLPA.

Ay, nobly done,

But what did you encounter by the brook?

Startled—it must have been a flying squirrel!

Perhaps a coiled snake smote with witching eyes

Or starved hyena leaped from bending branch.

Confess you wo'nt—well there it was a mouse,

Offended are you—yes, it is too bad!

Deny it—but the scope of that aversion,

Included something blare, no pleasant sight.

SEMMO.

Would it have scared you? spectre snake or mouse

THYLPA.

A spectre! Ah, you now retaliate,

You spear my guity, you pelt with snowballs.

But you encountered one you scorn or dread.

SEMMO.

Phantom:—perhaps a something once a man!

No whisper of our wizard yet has reached you?  
Never have heard of Starborn?

TEYLPA

Not that Brave

Who led our banded Tribe successfully,  
Some nine moons since! Indeed not quickly  
Shall that proud speed of warring planes  
And the stern volume of his sinuy arm,  
Steal from our scalps of snow, Now Sem, you mean  
Starborn as man and Sachem is excelsior.  
So rest unridable

SEMMO.

But you quite mistake;

His purpose no longer is But his demeanor,  
Widely divergent from his former course,  
Invites conjecture, and provokes prediction,  
Of some dire fate which may o'ertake his strides.  
Though on swift snowshoes barr'd with moose-  
hide walking THYLPA

This must be queer. But what is there about him  
Different from other men. What has he done,  
O what is he accused, to justify  
This change of reputation, these suspicions?

Who now are his associates?

*Semmo*

They are not

Hunters—he is given to long rambles  
Of loneliness—leaving wigwam and his wife  
For the dim Cave of Bones. There mid old forms  
Of extinct mammals, by imagination  
Reclothed in truth and terror, some report  
Having seen whispering duplicates and declare,  
With spirits that are haunters of this cave  
He has made compact, or become familiar.

*Thyba.*

But will you think so Semmo? Can you single  
The Moose he is chasing? Can you name the lake  
Where that buck plunges—ere he dips his paddle—  
The moose with the great horns—Will he out-

stipulate

*Semmo*

That, you will not believe me when I say,  
He holds a mastery mysterious,  
Over insensate objects. We have seen him  
Lightly place hands upon a block, and summon  
Spirits to lift it and by tips make answer  
To various questions. We have heard queer raps

*Thyba.*

On lodge-roof, as responses; and have seen  
 Utensils various, move—hitch along,  
 Yes, follow him unbidden through the lodge,  
 As if he were magnetic,

*Thylpa*

Can this be?

What say the sages? Do they think it well?

*Semmo.*

They shake their heads in telltale to each other,  
 They nod suspiciously, They speak but little,  
 They fear 'tis wicked. Doubt if good will follow,  
 Think he solicits interviews forbidden  
 With beings subtle absolutely evil,  
 That cunningly entice him. Look—he passes.

*Thylpa*

No—by the rock beyond the hanging tree?  
 That is not Starborn, he of prowess stern,  
 Yon man walks slowly—he is thin and pale.  
 A fond solicitude sits on his brow —  
 Yes, anxious meditation. As he comes,  
 He seems imploring. Let us step aside.

*Starborn passes, disappears in the forest.*



STARBORN,  
THE CONJURER

Scene Second.

*Starborn, seated on the moss-cus'ored  
trunk of a wind-fallen tree. A specter, a howl  
three arrows and two torches of old bark  
compose his equipment.*

**F**ALLEN and moss grown—Much the same  
occurs,

Over and over, and the repetition  
Makes us no wiser. Seated on this trunk  
Of fallen greatness, many things come up,  
Problems o'ertake me, and I heed them not  
Questions accost me and I wait reply.  
Riddles defy me, riddles none can guess,  
Of all my sages. So it steads me much  
To pry, to force the marvellous shadow, which  
Enwraps the world in its ambiguous robe.

By what I guess a shrewd vacuity,  
 A phantom peopled realm, where power is not  
 Confined to sine va and materiallin',  
 But actuates the unbounded element  
 And stuffs us with unstinted energy.  
 This I shall know, if there be honesty  
 In those I surround, and I think there may be,  
 And freely carried out the abstinence  
 And fasts required, So for the present go.  
 I'll feed on other thoughts.

A dream of gladness  
 Floats through the Forests. And a memory,  
 Mourful and sad, falls over me.

Rises and stands beside a boiling spring  
 Might I stand,  
 And sate me with emotions of the past  
 Which walked in music. Could I seat me on  
 That seabird marvellous, which soars and sails  
 On wings that flag not and seem motionless,  
 Thus could I keep me high above the world,  
 And be a sentiment in supreme content,

A bowl of bubbling waters—let me stoop.

*Stoops down and drinks.*

How cool and how refreshing. Here oftimes  
Beneath the unpil: red firmament, a boy  
Joyous I played. And life its belt of wampum  
Superbly figured with proud mysteries,  
And triumphs glorious. held full before me.  
Every thng then was plessing fond and gay.  
As the moons wandered. thus high glory walked  
On mountain tops, and I feasted sumptuously  
In the Lake Valleys. Now I say Farewell.

This boiling fountain from the black earth gushes  
Unsullied and most pure—And why not I ?  
Must it not be ? What mystery entraps me,  
Confines me as a captive in its camp ?  
The eyes of a coiled serpent fascinate me.  
My lodge with its dear comforts and delights  
Aid my resolve. The stealthy hour slows yet.



No—no—not now the merry mocking bird  
 With myriad music sings to bring me cheer.  
 Something within, starts up as from a dream,  
 Horrible and disastrous. I repel it.  
 And yet a sly suspicion lurks and dogs me  
 And snags against my purpose. I denounce it.  
 But these thoughts haunt me and my life is soiled  
 Dust blankets me—me, how unlike that plant,  
 That curious herb half-conscious\* that in faint  
 Sparks with a blush the dust that presses it,  
 And with defilement overlaps its charms,  
 Swells in dishonor and with loud protest,  
 Puffs off the soil and glows redrest in beauty,  
 Me—how unlike.

*A flower from a high branch falls at his feet.*

Ahah—one witness more.

Thus is it ever with the beautiful,  
 A blight assails it and the clods receive it,  
 Sun! are there forms that set like thee in glory,  
 But never rise again? This urges forth. *Goes.*

---

\* Etada Tussien When dust settles on the breathing pores of this plant, it swells, blushes and puffs off the offending impurity with explosions like coughings.

*As Starborn disappears in the Forest: enter from opposite directions talking, Elkona and Almo.*

*Almo,*

How long has he been absent ?

*Elkona*

Heavy hours,

And dashing like a cascade on my heart,  
Since this time now four days—against intreaty.  
Oh, it is heavy as a topless rock—

This grief that presses. Was it ever known—

Comes it within the boundary of things  
That should befall us, that a man will leave  
His wife and lodge to seek and herd with fiends,  
For such they are—I feel that they are such.

*Almo.*

Dear sister, what induced him to enquire  
Of the dark satyrs in the Cave of Bones ?

*Elkona.*

Something that seemed electrical but novel,  
Something inherent some mysterious power,  
But only of ourselves and nothing more.  
From that it grew.



*Atmo.*

Dear sister, do not weep.

Bear bravely up. The pit is wide enough,  
The pit of earth, which swallows up our joy.  
Life, hope and dust. Why should we antedate  
The resting time, the time which equals us  
With the mere shadows of a summer heaven,  
And drops us with the leaves which are our  
brothers?

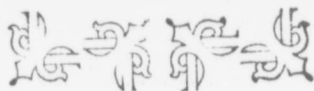
My sister, come! too much we weep together.  
Assure me you will cheer your heart again.  
For I must leave you, although pained to leave.  
Open your eyes, hope, and strive yet to smile.  
Sweet sister, will you not, and cheer us both?

*Elkona.*

Kind Almo, yes—for Heaven has consolation,  
And I well seek it in some bowery nook.  
Shall there be dew for the low flowers that perish  
And none for us?

*Almo.*

Oh surely not, sweet sister.  
*embracing and going different ways.*



STAR BORN,

THE CONJURER

Scene Third.

*Before a Lodge. Sun setting. Elkona alone.*

**E**VENING prepares to pitch a starry Tent  
On the high dusky plain. The sun goes down  
To rest on the innumerable leaves  
Of furthest hills : bright measurer of days !  
His temples are enzoned with burning locks,  
With gold with purple richer than the earth's,  
With mutabllity Night but not sleep,  
Darkness, divested of its grace of slumber,  
Encamps my husband. 'Tis impossible  
That one who loves me wth most generous love  
To think that he should shun me—he, the last !  
I love him wth unalterable love.  
He knows it—he reciprocates that love,

Ail yet he churs me—O impossible!  
 My Starborn, is he lost! Ah, those foul fiends  
 Of the black Cave are masterful—oh shame!

Is there no help on high, is there not One  
 Who sees me and can aid? I think so, yes,  
 Then why comes ail so tardily? A dream  
 Wavers, be patient, with a flit on leav'our.

'Tis Eve pits on a most secure simar,  
 Bled with thoughts of our most rapturous hours  
 Each of which was a gen, proud as a star,  
 Formed without shadow.

Yet the cloud returns,  
 Returns with a tenacious constancy.  
 And recollections garlanded with joy,  
 Float o'er a chasm whose cliffs are iced with  
 dread.

Starborn, my Sachem—O my heart's clear stream  
 Rolls broken; and its all adorning thought  
 The sense which made it bountiful,—the sun  
 Which gave it lustre.—Oh, 'tis set!

*Starborn with spear enters suddenly.*

My own!

Starborn—O my most dear.

*Starborn*—embracing.

Elkona—sweetest!

*Elkona*.

Yes, you are here, it is such joy. Even now—

But wither? Have you then no word for me!

Am I not yours?

*Starborn*. Elkona—beautiful!

*Elkona*.

Yet you will leave me! Starborn, O my Chief

I have been sitting on this mossy stone,

Beneath the branches of this olden tree.

I have been watching yon ethereal clouds,

Watch hover o'er the far off mountain's scalp. }

As if they were the bright wings of the hours,

Once so manifest, I have been thinking }

Of you and of myself and our past joys, }

Our bypast loves, those blissful summer birds

That flit in recollection. But, my husband,

Those glories fell before a crafty foe,

Who scalpd them, but went off without the trophy  
 Yes in these sad hours sleepless I have dreamed,  
 Till there came thoughts—things which I must  
     not speak,  
 Even to the blank unnoting solitude  
 Of the wild wandering winds

*Starborn.*

Elkona—sweetest !

*Elkona.*

Starborn, if sweetest, how can you prefer  
 The black the fearful hollow haunted rocks,  
 The tangled forest and the singled night,  
 Before the comforts of our peaceful tent ?  
 Have I not loved you, purely tenderly ?  
 And yet day after day, night after night,  
 I look—are you estranged or quite forgetful  
 That not three autumns yet have pledged their  
     grace,  
 Nor summers dropt their plumes, since we were  
     wedded.  
 Were we not always friends, the truest happiest



*Starborn.*

Yes, my Elkona—my most beautiful.  
 But I have bowed to a necessity,  
 Lola the Sage renowned, is now my Mentor  
 An oracle implicitly approved.  
 I have a purpose, high and difficult,  
 To be achieved only by toil and watchings.  
 By lonely walks in the forest, silent vigils  
 Within the tent of night, amidst those things  
 Which are most sullen. With the austere forms  
 Hidden from merning, I must grow familiar,     ]  
 Till I have learned an appertaining science,  
 And made my Thought a might and mastery,  
 Dreamed of by few, Therefore, my love be patient  
 There are high purposes that ask me forth.

*Elkona.*

Oh whither—whither? to the Cave of Bones!  
 My Chieftain, I have wept a change in you,  
 Since on that day! Now go not, I beseech you.  
 Come to our lodge, oh come. See, I have drest,  
 Our evening meal. Have plucked and husked     ]  
                   the maize,             ||+||

Boiled some in the stone caldron—aow delicious.  
 And some is parched and waiting on the hearth  
 The dried meat of the buffalo is shaved,  
 And beer, for you I brewed it, Starborn, yes,  
 Long lonesome hours it waits: now gladly here  
 My Stardorn, you are weary—must I press you?  
 Now taste the simple viands, made luxuricus  
 By overmastering love. Refuse me not!

*Starborn.*

My love, I must not

*Elkona.*

Must not—must not, Starborn,  
 How can you answer thus!

*Starborn*

Elkona dearest,  
 Some hours of abstinence remain unfilled.  
 Engagements unequivocal require me.  
 With one rich kiss I leave my beautiful.

*Elkona.* O Starborn—

*Starborn halts not, strides rapidly off.*

Now what will be the end—oh what—

*Hastily enters Kola.*

Was that your husband whom I met, Elkona ?  
They tell me you still love him. O for shame !  
He frequents that blaek cavern, has familiars,  
Among the wraiths that haunt it; do you know it :  
Just think of it ! Elkona, were I you  
I'd never speak to him again. Disown him,  
That he deserves, and not such bursting sobs.

*Elkona.*

Kola, perhaps you never had a lover  
Who really loved you, nor returned that love  
With ardor abnegatory. This is why  
You come to me with these reproachful words.

*Inawan, running in,*

Elkona, pretty one, where hides the Chieftain ?  
I have a message for him from the Sachems,  
Was he not here just now ?

*Elkona.*

Yes, Inawan,

But he has flown.

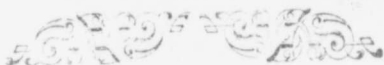
*Inawan.*

Elkona, I am nimbler :  
Unless an eagle, I will pounce upon him.

THYLPA, *With a bow arrows and a partridge.*  
See the fine bird that I have bagged, Elkona,  
Look—here I hit it with this pointed arrow.  
Kindly accept it as a simple tribute  
To loveliness and worth.

*Elkona.*

Ah thank you, Thylpa.  
But you will share it with me.—bring your sister  
And come to-morrow—let it be at noon  
Starborn just now has spent his nights elsewhere  
In some order. I am sorry for it.  
And with the mysteries which he would compass  
Toils many hours. Thylpa, if you are wise,  
You will not meddle with the nebulous sprights  
Who cheat us and are off. I say this, Thylpa,  
Because I know you are not ignorant  
Of the researches of my husband Starborn  
Whose dreams infatuate him in the course,  
Which. O I am so sad, that he has chosen,  
A bootless quest—But were it only that.



STARBORN,  
THE CONJURER

Scene Fourth.

*Forest. Starborn, rapidly walking.*  
*eamis Inawan, running.*

**M**Y! Have I caught you!  
*Starborn.* Ay, my nimble lad.  
What terrible need has given you this haste?  
Such reckless speed—why you are out of breath.

*Inawan.*

Starborn, you'r taken—caught just like a deer.  
You never drempt it. Got a message for you.

*Starborn.*

Which you ca'nt tell—all out of braath and merry.  
Like the young swallows you are all a flutter.  
Now sit upon my knee and rest a little.

*Sits down on a stone and takes up the child.*

*Inawan.*

Starborn, there was no napping when I caught you,  
Hey ! such hot haste. I beat you. Now you sit  
Hovering your eggs, as quiet as a bld.

*Starborn.*

Inawan, just a slacking of the string,  
Wont harm the bow. With blanket over ears,  
We rest and think.

*Inawan.*

Perhaps so—But I like you.  
I'm not afraid of you. But people say  
You are a wizzard, and have fays and elves  
Close to your elbow..

*Starborn.*

Why not, Inawan,  
If people say so ?

*Inawan.*

Maybe they don't know.  
But can you laugh ? they say you can't laugh now  
You with a pretty wife—so very pretty.  
Saw her just now—but no—she didn't laugh !

But I forget my message Will you hear it,  
But will you honor it ?

*Starborn.*

First let me hear it,  
Until announced, some slight uncertainty  
Clings to the precept.

*Inawan.*

Arn't you somewhat wise !  
When jumping crost a brook I first make sure  
There is one, and not merely that, but whether  
The oposite bank is good to light upon.

*Starborn.*

That is shrewd looking on a pair of aspects.  
But Inawan, just now you leaped a brook,  
Your feet are muddy,—how did it occur ?

*Inawan.*

Now you have got me. Just a little haste.  
Entrapt me—But the theory runs game  
On the wild hills. Now Starborn Sahgum bold,  
The proud chief Livebear cites you to a Council,  
At the Big Rock to night. A stubborn need,  
Rises with stern appeal.

*Starborn.*

I must decline.

With due acknowledgment forbear the honor.  
My office will be vacant for a little.  
That must suffice. Some moments yet to waste  
Here they shall pass. And then away, away  
To things occult. Inawen, now to you,  
Merry and eager for the future life,  
Woods ring with songs with echoes, with the st.  
Of wings of moving game. Ali overmatchin g,  
The breathing phantoms of imagination.  
Alive with action, and transforming zest.  
Inawan, this is nature. And indeed,  
Like you, I too was blissful when a chlld.  
A smiling heart gives fragrance to the flowers.  
Must there be blighting days of frost and storm?

*Inawan.*

Starborn, if winter flings the flower leaves down,  
That snowy blanket brings us choicest sports,  
Rather would have it than unvaried summer.  
Can we fly winged with snowshoes in a summer?



Or track the nimble game that leave no trace.  
O for the fun on iced and glittering Lakes !  
How may moons, Starborn before the snows ?

*Starborn.*

Five, little man. You are enthusiastic.  
Have you perpetual summer in your heart ?  
But do you dream you will be always glad,  
And meet no grief ?

*Inawan.*

Grief—let me shun its spasm.  
Who could it be that met me sad and weeping ?  
Starborn, oh why not happier when a man,  
A warrior, yes a chieftain. Many moons  
Must wax and wane before that day can dawn,

*Starborn,*

And then success composed and fully armed  
Proud and plume crowned will sit at feast of joy.

*Inawan.*

Yes and why not, being possessed of things,  
Whose lofty shade from far is stuffed with glory ?  
Many a trife for them. They are then of worth.



A stern resolve c'limbs up and runs before me,  
And a stout heart makes fun of obstacles.

*A vñ e!—In wñ!—In a vñ!—o e!*

Starborn, by-by, be good and laugh a little,

*Starborn*

Off, like a irbd! And what a fool sits here.

Thus to provoke the sane philosophy ;

Goodness and joy are play-mates—who'd deny it ?

But can contentment mantle now my face,

Thus ruinous with many eager musings,

And dark researches into hidden things.

Even a child repeats dismaying whispers,

And damaging scrutinies of shrewd conjecture,

But may one guide the river of one's soul,

Into a long life happy ? I have walked

Too much upon the dark side of the hill,

Now other remedies—I must away.

*Arise and leisurely proceeds.*



STAR BORN,  
THE CONJURER

Scene Fifth,

*A large rock near an Encampment. Cetamo  
meeting Wella.*

**Y**ONDER, FIRE smoulders.  
All things will be ready  
When the moon lifts her glowing cheek  
above  
The forest. Thou wilt come?  
Cetamo.  
Within the hour,  
You may expect me. Yet, to younger arms,  
The various vaunted conflict must be left,  
If war shall be determined. I am not  
That which I have been. Time has done its feats  
And pillaged me, I scarce know when, of all

The trophies of my youth. Then—I can say it,  
And yet not boast, I never was unready  
To do the deeds of valor. Your turn now.  
While I shall rest.

*Wella.*

Father, but thou art strong  
In counsel—there we need thee,

*Cetamo.*

And I come.

But where is Starborn? Pity, O pity and shame  
That one who seemed the master of us all,  
In the great gifts of manhood, should be now  
What no one wots, from causes most obscure.  
He has been seen to enter at the Cave  
Of the vast Bones. And he may yet return,  
Amongst us a great Magian.

*Wella.*

He was one

Who needed no such aids. Yes, he may find it  
Sharp as defeat.

*Cetamo.*

Go forth,—— See, Eve folds up

The golden curtain from her star piled tent.  
Arrange traditional rites, and I will come,  
To smoke the evernilled pipe, and tell the fetes  
The boats permitted to my slow crowned scalp.

*From behind the rock Elkona enters.*

Cetamo, has philosophy an aid  
For the o'ercharged and moon bespotted brain?  
Can it not sing the stormy thoughts to quiet?

*Cetamo.*

Joy cheer thy heart, fair Sister, sit thee down.

*Elkona.*

I have been walking in the woods, and now  
Though weary yet have sought you.

*Cetamo.*

Daughter fair,  
There blossoms a bright glory on the storm,  
An arch which is upbuilt of precious hues.  
Has it occurred to thee, 'tis only seen  
On the tumultuous clouds of a dark sky?

*Elkona-*

Cetamo, bring me—give me such a bow,

And I will thauk thee, even with tears.

*Ceiamo.*

My Daughter,

Life's burdens often are but airy things,

And we are bowed by an unreal load.

Reveal your griefs, and haply I may aid you.

*Elkona.*

Once there was in the glorious heavens a sun,

And in the azure cope a snowy moon,

And there were blossoms in the bounteous earth,

With melody of birds and summer winds.

Now all is blauk—the whole is blotted out.

*Ceismo.*

These are wild words fair Daughter wild and sad

*Elkona.*

Wild words perhaps, but true ones ne'ertheless.

How old's the heart! I think it lives and dies,

Like the new moon—only it never comes

To be the same again. Alas—no—no.

Even hope, celestial hope, lies in a faint!

*Cetamo.*

Our tents are spread o'er comforts mutable.

Changes and disappointments watch around us,

A Tribe of accipiters which pity not :  
Sharp shooters, from the craggy cliffs the glens,  
The hills ; watch us and follow in our trail.  
And oft surprise us But why weep for this ?  
Can sorrow meliorate our destiny ?  
Dismiss those tears and smile.

*Elkona.*

I had a loved one  
Who made the earth a Paradise. And when  
He was beside me in his joy I breathed.  
I thought both life and death, things here,  
and hence,  
The rich adjuncts of loveliness and love,  
By an imposing rapture glorified.  
He has been changed—by whom I do not know.  
But when that change came o'er him all things died.  
Blackness, the vulture lit on earth and heaven.  
And hope—even hope has dug me a deep grave,

*Cetama.*

Handsome and hale, a young man wins your love  
Has mystery engulfed the heart he wears ?  
He drops his spear and arrows at your feet,  
His well stringed bow.—Dream you the man  
lies there ?

He may be like a sunbeam on stirred waters,  
 Bright, but unsettled, ever wandering  
 He may be like the rising thunder cloud,  
 Which holds a battle voice close wrapt within it:  
 Although it wears an aspect calm and lofty.  
 He may resemble that fell poison vine,  
 With winning blossoms, graceful tendrils clinging  
 Foliage of beauty—but its touch is pain.  
 He may have all the wild intricacies,  
 And glories of the many-peopled forests :  
 Hills, brooks of joy, dim shutting glens and grots,  
 And deep romantic lakes, embowered with song.  
 Where the wild phantoms of his spirit come  
 To gaze upon the garnished firmament.  
 He may be cold and torpid as the moss,  
 Which shuns the sunlight centring in itself.  
 He may appear repulsive as a rock,  
 Yet be in heart fresh as the mountain spring  
 Gushing beneath it. Do we know ourselves ?  
 Even half our mysteries ?

And all this is in  
 The glens which we inhabit. We are blind.]



As to the future. Our desires assume  
 A thousand pleasing fantasies. With which  
 We people the unknown future. We evoke  
 A glory and power around them. We o'erpass  
 The boundaries of our hunting grounds—far—far,  
 We plant the years all summers. We contrive  
 A heaven without a cloud. It is not strange,  
 That we who have the power to build these things  
 Should also have the power to credit them.  
 Making them real as the mountain rocks,  
 And firmler set. They pass away—we weep.  
 The unconquered days meet us with spear and bow  
 In narrow gorges. Find us all unarmed,  
 And leave us wounded.

*Elkona.*

But this comforts not.  
 Merely to know it is so, aids me not.  
 I seek for aid.

*Cetama.*

Daughter, not friendly roots,  
 Not balmy herbs can medicine the soul,  
 That Heaven must do.



*Elkona.*

Some gentle days of joy,  
And now so changed. So noble and so loving,  
Like the proud eagle, flying through the heavens,  
Exulting in the azure amplitude.  
Now without barb he falls ! alas—alas

*Cetama,*

Believe, me sad, one, I have walked the hills,  
Musing in sorrow o'er the things I breathed not  
How some who promised well, both green and  
thrifty,

Have withered in the top ere autumn time ;  
Although no visible calamity,  
Or tempest, or the fearful lightning stream,  
Had touched one bough.

Others seem born to grief,  
Even whimpering from their wind-rocked  
airy nest,

Many are driven like the wintry leaf,  
Hither and thither o'er the gladed snows,  
Till hid in some secluded nook with silence.  
There the white tempests whirl and pass not off,

Others survive the sharp rebuffs of fortune,  
And limp along the snows of this world's waste,  
Like wounded deer that flees the hunter's bow.  
A few are blighted at the very eve  
Of a long life which has been prosperous.  
Many derive their troubles from themselves, &  
Many from others. This thy lot has been.  
Therefore weep not.

*Elkono.*

Alas, this comforts not  
To know such things are common joys not me.  
There is a stone within my heart which sinks it  
Beneath the smiling surface of the waters,  
Where it must drown.

*Cetama.*

Daughter, I sigh for thee,  
I have the will but lack the power to aid.  
There is one remedy for desperate uses,  
Submissiou—can you learn? There is another,  
For griefs which seem almost beyond relief,  
And that is Hope. Now I have found it wise  
To use these kind provisions. They are sweet,

And of potential virtue to restore  
 Through the Great Spirit, by his light and love,  
 That epuanimity, those sallying thoughts,  
 And that heartreaching quiet, which give strength  
 In the wild onset of this hostile life.  
 Lengthening the term of our inheritance,  
 And making life endurable. Take these,  
 And heap them with the leaves of the dead wood,  
 And I would joy to quit so drear a world.

I too have had my sorrows in my day.  
 Not such as thine perhaps, yet piercing barbs,  
 Keen as the north west wind a winter's midnight  
 But I o'ercame them with the spear of thought,  
 Meeting them boldly

*Elkona.*

Tell me o'er your griefs,  
 For this may do me good. A bride perhaps,  
 Has dropt into the earth, or lovely children,  
 A sister or a brother much beloved?  
 These are afflictions!

*Cetama.*

'Tis the common doom.

But being so it is in vain to weep.

*Elkono.*

Yet you wept too, till armed and resolute thought  
Rose up to rule?

*Cetamo.*

Me weep! Cetamo weep?

Yes! could that weeping repossess the heart  
Of what it lost. I have not weakly doted.  
Yet all these I have had—and none remain.  
I never wept. Some difference in mould,  
Perhaps distinguishes me from my Tribe.  
As oak from oak will, differ, thus do we.  
Doubtless each has his own peculiar gifts,  
And moods of mind which virtuate those gifts.  
And each may wear some feelings sensitive,  
Beyond what others know. Hence the effect  
Of circumstance in things fortuitous,  
Has also variations, I am strong  
To bear my thoughts, to rule them, to achieve  
Calmness for ever. God has made me thus,  
His favor arms me. Daughter, for thy sake,  
Would that I could impart this power— I cannot.

'Tis fixed—it is a part of me. I feel  
Deeply, as I believe, yet stand unmoved.  
The exigences of this varying life,  
So soon have found thee also: a great hill,  
Cloud darkened and dismaying, Rise, ascend it.

*Elkona*

Father, alas, I can not.

*Cetama.*

I will fetch  
A phantom from the past. My hunting grounds  
Abound with such. Sometimes I send my musings  
Equipped with quiver and spear to take the game  
Where long they hide, in glens and deepening  
You will attend me ? [shades.

*Elkona.*

Father willingly.

*Cetama.*

Thirty chill autumns have uppled their leaves  
Around a mountain, which yet rises plainly,  
Through the dim cloudy distance of those days.  
It was a war time. Eight and fifty braves  
Circled the fire. The decorated pipe

From lip to lip puffed forth those odorous fumes,  
 That clear the intellect and prompt to valor  
 When need is great and justifiable.  
 That was a quarrel amongst neighboring tribes,  
 With which we were not mixt, but used precaution  
 An armed neutrality was determined on.  
 Soon, as the leader of a score of braves,  
 My camping ground I chose beside a lake.  
 A tiny island dots it with green shrubs.  
 One or two saplings shade a pebbly marge  
 While opposite, along the mountain ledge,  
 An old birch leans, half fallen in the lake.  
 There amidst wiry wisps echoing, blue smokes  
 Cin'del up in a still sky, and gloomy fires  
 At night glared on the hill tops    Daring guard,  
 Some curious happenings attracted thought,  
 They seem enigmas yet.

On a quiet eve,

Just at sun setting, or a little after,  
 A birchen boat and three young girls with paddles  
 Sailed laughing from a cove by the old tree.  
 And landed on the little Isle.    No sooner

---

Had they touched shore, than a terrific moose,  
 Shaking great antlers, plunging in the lake  
 Swam for the Isle. The girls shrieked in alarm,  
 The moose was making for them. Suddenly  
 Upon the sandy beach appeared a Brave.  
 Tall as those saplings, with great knife in hand,  
 Proud plumes enzonod his head, a monster bow  
 And arrows five loose o'er his shoulder hung,  
 In terror of this Titan clad in skins,  
 Girt with a glittering belt, low crouched the girls  
 He, turning on them a benignant glance,  
 Strode quickly in the lake, and seized the moose  
 By the dread antlers, and with one fierce thrust  
 Killed the great Buck.

*Elkona*

Whence came that giant Brave?  
 Did he stay with them? Did he, when the girls  
 Returned in their canoe, wade through the lake,  
 Bearing them company?

*Cetama.*

He disappeared



53 THE CONJURER.

Mysteriously as he came

*Elkona*

He must have hidden

Amongst the saplings. Were there many of them  
And thickly standing?

*Cetama.*

Do you know, my Daughter,

There are some things quite unaccountable,  
As well as many myths?

*Elkona*

Must it have been

An optical deception—a mere myth?  
You saw all this—and did the girls return,  
Or they too vanish?

*Cetama.*

They returned, my Daughter,

As to the moose, we saw no more of him.

But some nights after, as we kept our watch—  
A clear night, soft and beautiful, and balmy  
With the rich balsam of the pines and firs,  
Exhaled from the young twigs. We stood amazed  
One of our party lying on the grass,  
And pensively exploring the blue heavens,

\* \* \*

In something like excitement cried, look-look .  
See, it gets brighter!—over that tall pine.  
Tis an encampment! Forming in the sky!

*Elkona-*

Encampment in the sky! Ah, surely now  
You must have dreamed again, my honor! F tier  
You kindly tell me these things, to divert me  
From the great sadness of my life. I bless you.  
For really it has turned my ceaseless misings  
Into a smoother channel for a moment,  
And eased my weary heart.

*Cetama.*

Well—well, my Daughter,  
We'll call the giant a shadow. But the mirror  
Of the great sky reflects no mystic fables.  
In that delicious night of the rich spring.  
One of our braves cried lustily, see—see!  
We looked, and clear and marvellous in the sky,  
Over that pine appeared a camping ground,  
In the north west. A dozen tents or more,  
Spread in a valley—yes, more than a dozen, —

Fifteen I think we counted. All was life.  
 Groups of young men and women, two and three,  
 Some practicing with bows and arrows. Boys  
 And girls were swif. Some were wrestling,  
 Some running races. Cooking, eating.  
 The offices of actual life in play.  
 All strangely mirrored in the evening sky.

*Elkona.*

Well, my kind father, that was marvellous  
 No, I could not believe it, had you not  
 Declared it to be fact. Who could they be?  
 Neighbours, and of us?

*Cetama.*

They were strangers all  
 And in some distant region. There were poles  
 Sculptured for ensigns, which we do not have.  
 After some moments the strange view dissolved,  
 To our regret.

*Elkona.*

What form is that?— 'Tis he!  
 My dearest Husband.

*Cetamo.*

Step aside, my Daughter  
Leave me to reason with him—if per chance—

*Elkona, retiring.*

Midst the deep wood and in that awful cavern !  
Heaven grant he now may cease. I will return  
And in my lonely lodge pour out my soul  
To our Great Maker.

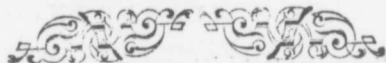
*Almo. meeting her.*

Elkona, my sweet sister, have I found you.

*Elkona.*

Kind Almo yes. I just have left Cetamo.  
I listened to him, but my heart exclaimed,  
Leave him, go back. This is but icy comfort.  
The snows of wisdom plume his wintry scalp'  
Which glitter tho' they warm not—just a chill.  
He reasons, yet the heart's warm shower of love  
Refreshes not my spirit. I will hie  
To Almo. But just then he changed the theme  
He tried to cheer me. He is sympathetic,  
But in a different way from you, dear Almo.

*Talking they disappear.*



STARBORN,

THE CONJURER

Scene Sixth.

*Starborn, now rapidly passing.*

*Cetamo.*

**S**WIFT are thy steps, dear Friend, No  
doubt the game  
Snared in the brake is worried by the dog's  
Swift was thy spear in the proud day of battle.  
Pass on, thou canst not stay.

*Starborn.*

Father, not so.

My moments would be thine, but special purpose  
Beckons me forth. Yet briefly will I pause,  
Sachem, and ask thee, what may be thy wish?

*Cetamo.*

My good, thy own, the general weal in fine.

Excuse me that I interrupt your haste.  
But measures of much import re conferred  
In which the wisdom of our Tribe is needed.

*Starborn.*

Father, you are aware that I of late  
Have borne no part in these deliberations.

*Cetamo*

'Tis this that pains me. As an earnest friend,  
As an old Chief, I claim a privilege.

*Starborn.*

Which must be granted.

*Cetamo.*

Merely it is this,

To use that freedom which a Chief has earned  
Whose past is a wide region, where he walks,  
Visiting things which have been—but are gone.  
Vainly I search, even at the council fire,  
To see my mate. Our Tribe all, all appear  
Children of yester morn. Ay, old men too;  
Adorned with the renown of venturous deeds,  
To me they seem but schoolboys, But the Past  
Beyond me must be long—long—very long,

Like you I have been young, have had high days  
Of hunting and of warlike feats But now  
My business is to search the books of thought,  
For gems amongst the stones. I value life  
By an unusual estimate : the cares,  
Excitatives of multiplying days.  
And meekly wait the quiet which at last  
Will wrap me in green leaves and summer flowers.  
Then, I shall be—not there—not here— but up!  
With the Great Spirit! The anticipation  
Equips me as a victor crowned with life.  
My memory will flee away from earth,  
Unnoticed—gone—a dry leaf on a brook.

*Strrborn.*

Father, this shall not be. Thy generous deeds  
Will be remembered, and you will be missed.  
Others will take your place, they are not you.  
Earth will not be the same in light and joy,  
For a few days. But you will sleep most soundly,  
Yes there may be tranquility in slumber,  
Through pleasing visions or forgetfulness.

*Cetama.*

A rest which passes, passes and returns.  
 Sweet while it lingers, grateful while it lasts,  
 And a remembrancer of that last rest.  
 Which wakes not with the morrow    Yes ere now  
 Weary in camp impatiently I looked  
 Each day for evening, that I might lie down,  
 Evade the cares perplexities and steife  
 And steep my spirit in forgetfulness.  
 Ah, who could wish for aye to live and toil  
 Where life is sorrow, hope mere vanity?  
 Therefore I sigh not at the cankered leaf,  
 Nor at the load of years which gather o'er me,  
 Nor at the sorrows of this twilight world;  
 But bear beneath them a contented mind.  
 —Nay—go not yet—

*Starborn.*

Father, excuse my haste.

*Cetama.*

Chieftain, can it be wise to shun thy friends?  
 All things are moulded for community.



The mighty trees which make the wilderness,  
Shun not each other. even the gloomy rocks  
Refuse not permanent proximity.  
The mountain streamlet seeks the great salt Lake  
The birds of heaven mix in joyous flocks.  
The beasts that range the rugged hills are social,  
Then how much rather we who speak a language?

*Starborn.*

A lonely mood I nurse.

*Cetamo.*

Perhaps 'tis sickly,  
And friendly conference might aid thee much.

*Starborn.*

Father, excuse me though thy words be good,  
If I must differ.

*Cetamo.*

Wherefore shun those councils,  
Where, honored as a tree of stateliness,  
Leaning against thy stem the strong reposed.  
To-night the fire of consultation glows.  
Are you not wanted?

*Starborn.*

My poor presence, Father,  
 Would add but little to the care and councils,  
 Which now I have foregone.

*Celamo.*

Some nine moons since.  
 A fire was kindled by this Rock, And one  
 Stood up. His eye was like the summer lake,  
 Which has imbibed the amplitude of heaven,  
 His mien—it was a sunset cloud of gold.  
 His thoughts—a sun flash from a cloudy sky.  
 His voice—a battle shout of victory.  
 There fell a glow upon the audience,  
 Attention which had ears but had no tongue,  
 Hung o'er the hundreds who were gathered,  
 What he advised was done. No voice dissented,  
 Green was his heart in years, but ripe in counse  
 Twice had he led the bold to victory.  
 Once more he led them. They returned with spoil  
 But while they danced he threw away his quive  
 And came not there again. Name thou his name.

*Starborn.*

Whate'er his name, more bold and true are left.

*Cetamo.*

Thou hast recieved a favor, do thou bear it  
Upon the gentle river of thy heart,  
Until returned again. The memory  
Of kindness is indelible in those  
From whom it emanates. It will outlast  
The channels furrowed in the mountain rocks,  
And is much more unchangable. Now they  
Who have advanced thee on thy special merit,  
Will look for aid, and must they brook abatement  
What! son of warriors! shall it ere be said,  
The mighty has laid by his spear, and made  
His foes to laugh and curl the lip of scorn?  
Ah, surely no!

*Starborn.*

Father, I hear thy counsel,  
I bow me to the wisdom of long winters.

*Cetama.*

But I remember me there have been those  
On whom deserved distinction was not lost  
Their memory floats above sequestered times,  
Like a fair cloud embathed in living sunlight.

Starborn a rich memorial is thine,  
Won for thyself, a trophy in the love  
And the proud snuffrage of thy noble peers.  
Shall it be cast away? Upon thy belt,  
I mark the record of some envied deeds  
Inscribed in rarest shells. Array thyself  
In such as these: the power of dazzling merit,  
To wear amidst the winter of thy days,  
When thou shalt be as I am; an observer,  
A witness of the past, a record bearer,  
From the far times and summers which have borne  
Their sunshine with them. Spear and bow to me  
Are useless. And the onset and the shout  
And perilous hour, float like the golden eve  
On a far mountain.. And its pride and boast  
Roll in a battle voice from farthest glens.

*Starborn.*

Sachem, I venerate thee, and the past  
Of which thou wert a pillar. But must be  
Permitted to pursue my own designs:  
Of which, knowing not the scope, thou caast  
not judge.  
Enough remain to counsel and defend.

Me other measures prompt. Father, farewell.

*Enters the Forest.*

*Cetamo.*

There is a mist which oft pits out the torch  
Of dazzling genius ere its mid hour comes.  
And com no a min is observ'd, lament and marvel  
That glories of such magnitude, should be  
Poor as a dream. My heart is sick with knowing.  
Galling are packs beneath the which we tug.  
False a few quests with which we puff and struggle.  
We hanker after things that are forbidden,  
Maiming ourselves and murdering those we love.

*Wella returns, bearing an ensign.*

Wella, the task was fruitless.

*Wella.*

Yes, dear Sachem,

What we expected—to his fate abandoned.

Alas for poor Elkona. — All are ready,

Waiting your coming.

*Cetamo.*

Wella—yes—your arm,

Thank you—when eld my aid is yours—or wishes.



S T A R B O R N ,

T H E C O N J U R E R

S c e n e   S e v e n t h ,

*En'rance to the Cave of Bones.*

*Skeleton of a Mastodan.     Starborn standing  
   Starborn.*

*with hands placed on the Fossil head.*

**L** O L A ! proud Chief, if now I have fulfilled  
   the abstinence imposed : the stipulations

   In their severity, minutely each,

Acknowledge it, come forward—lift this vestige,

This skeleton of a Head propense and vast,

Once a great quadrupid in days we dream of.

Yes, put a shoulder to it—lift it high.

For you the toil is nothing —*it tips*— that will do.

Ere I advance, to stand beside the chasm,

Near the dark doorway of the hall of fountains,

Those silent frozen splendors of the ages,

Some things I wish to quiz, items that barb me.  
Oft rise before me as a threatening cloud  
Where fire and rumblings ride. Assure me now  
Of your contentment—is it most complete?

*The Mammoth head tips high-up-up!*

Glad, glad am I, this plays upon my shadow  
Like golden arrows of the early morning.  
Are all the dead either content and quiet,  
Or happy? Is there no dim place beside,  
This earth in the capacious universe,  
Where sorrow eats the heart, and things of joy  
Run our embrace, or prove disastrous  
Beyond our foresight. Or conspire against  
The hope they prompted, till it fall, cut off  
By its own purpose in the secretest time,  
As by the ruthless stroke of an avenger.  
I charge thee as thou lovest me, tell me true.  
If none? half animate this Heav'n, which once  
Browsed the tall saplings, and with antique fun  
Amazed the lesser frolic denizens.  
But if, in compass of the universe,  
Another—even but one—so sad a region,  
Looms dark and dread—touch not this Mon-  
ster's bones.

Once more I charge thee tell me only truth.

*Head rises high, falls with loud thud.*

Then there is none. And in my heart I say  
There is no God. Yet for all that, a horror  
Waylays me. Stealthily a serpent creeps,  
A strange misgiving. But thy fame for worth  
For probity unchallenged ; for a mind  
Noble and generous as the golden stream  
Which bathes the summer blossoms and perfects  
The fruits of the earth—Assures me 'tis impossible  
That Lola could deceive me. At this juncture,  
I wish to talk to you as of this earth,  
Though you have left it : and by that discharge  
Seem opulent in vigor and in joy.,  
As a confiding friend, I now address you.  
Have you an intimate knowledge of the facts  
Pertaining to the past in their minuteness ?  
Can you not penetrate the cloud wrapt future,  
And lead the smiling destiny along ?  
Assure me, noble mentor of the past,  
Shall I accomplish my hearts' dearest wish.  
Assure me—shall it certainly be done ?

*Skeleton head seems animated !*



My heart exults — surely 'tis but a dream !  
 This makes the cloud of mingled moods dissolve  
 In showers which fructify the drooping blossoms.  
 Oh, I could almost weep for joy And yet  
 Perhaps you do not comprehend a secret  
 Never intrusted yet to mortal ear ?  
 No answer ! — by that silence 'tis denied.

Completed is the abstinence prescribed,  
 The task allotted. Have I thought it hard  
 To fast all day, to walk the lonely glens,  
 To muse beside the torrent's wrath ; to watch  
 The shooting meteors of the midnight hour.  
 And sparkling hieroglyphs that float around  
 The heaven's blue sea. Yet somewhat more severe,  
 — No word can tell it ! — to avoid the presence,  
 The angel looks, the most angelic spirit  
 Of one all lovely, whom I hold within  
 The diamond vase of my heart's secret heart.

*advances to entrance of hall of fountains.*

Here now I halt — by me, a threatening chasm.  
 Beyond me, fiery streams from frozen fountains  
 Play round the crystals of this lofty hall.  
 Here dreams have stolen on the sleep of ages  
 Strange dreams that melt not, but are fixt and real

Visions of incrustations which are marvels.  
I wave my torch and drink the drifting glory.  
Lola, and I would bid thee to come forth,  
But that a whisper claims the grateful shadow  
Dimness and gloom for thee. Why should it be?  
What! you ashamed of something; or too modest  
To stand up and be scrutinized? But now  
Rise midst the splendors of this wizard scene,  
Spurs all ablaze golden and many hued  
    hear the creeping waters down the chasm,  
Low and most melancholy. Is it so?  
Must I put out this torch, or shame its glory  
Deep in some crevice or oblivious niche?  
Yes, hedge its bounty, and constrain a dimness,  
Pleasant—but not to me. Must it be done?  
Rather than dishonor it ingloriously,  
This chasm shall quench it. Flaming now behold  
Flashing and lighting up the awful pit,  
Lola! 'tis done. Now in the pitchy dark  
Magnific Chief, redeem your pledge. Come forth  
Lo, is it dark enough? a gloom profound.  
A glow phosphoric faintly guards the fountains.

A wisp—it slowly rises from the chasm.  
This is not Lola the magnificent—  
Ho! there's a phantom in it!—How 'is this,  
Why from the pit?—those hills in that direction?  
And the broad hunting grounds! It startles me.  
And thou a noble hunter of those mountains!  
Why so deliberate? Kick off that mist!  
Yes, stand before me plainly—That is better —  
Now—the proud leader—Take my greeting, Lola!  
Speak to me—am I answered in dumb show?  
—Stately in port, a prince majestic:  
Yes, spear in rest, a bow and glutton quiver.  
Plumes nodding on thy head; a belt of wampum,  
Radiant with glorious deeds. Robed—what rich  
furs,  
Taken upon the hills. There comes a dog!  
And now another just returned, he pants,  
Looks up and wags his tail!  
Display those trophies,  
Have you forgot—I miss the scalps—perhaps  
You boast not now of warlike deeds? If so,  
Proud Chief, time mocks us. Many moons have  
sailed

And disappeared on the blue sea above us,  
 And they returned again: but we the nobler  
 A wane may pass, but not re-ume again.  
 At full may set—but rise not full once more.  
 This silence deeply stabs me. Disappoints  
 Some dazzling dreams. Mock me no longer. Say,  
 Are you indeed that veritable Lola,  
 My monitor for half a dozen moons?  
 To whom such wisdom is attributed?  
 Speak if the power be thine—and if not—go!

*Phantom.*

I am that Lola.

*Starborn.*

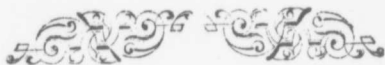
Come then—grasp my hand  
 In sacred friendship. And without demur,  
 Answer my questions.

*Phantom.*

Sachem—not to-night.

The season is not ripe. It must not be.  
 When the moon rises round and full, stand there,  
 Then, I will grasp your hand and answer all.

*vanishes.*



STARBORN,

THE CONJURER

Scene Eighth,

*A bare hill-top within view of a lake.  
Enter from below, Gabe with hunting implements.  
Gabe.*

**H**ERE last I saw the buck. Has he escaped?  
If so he bears an arrow in his side  
Assuredly 'twill earth him. Hah—again !  
A moment glimpsed upon the highmost crag.  
Yet I will pause that I may gather breath,  
For Walla lags o'erwaried. Comes he not ?  
What blankets thus the sky far to the north ?  
A tempest ? How—it wears a lions' form.  
It changes—speeds, convolves, seems licking up.  
A cloud of wreckage !

*Enter Walla from the valley.  
Not o'ertaken yet ?*

Surely the buck has not o'ertopt the steep.  
And taken to the lake again. Hot—tired,  
Must stop to cool. What threats in the black sky

*Gabe.*

Titan with spoil— a whirling cloud of doom.  
See! rolling o'er the dark wood of the plain.  
It gathers up the green sun basking trees,  
And grinds them into parched dried trodden dust  
To feed the temples.

*Walla.*

Wild it is and black.  
Well for us that we fall not in its way.  
How terrible how stunning.

*Gabe*

Till this hour  
I saw no sight like that.

*Walla*

See, it dips down  
Touches the marge of waters, the blue lake,  
Amid the lofty curvature of hills,  
That clasp it as a jewel. It but now  
Reposed— a sleeping Beauty.

*Gabe,*

Oh ? the linked red lightnings,  
That pierce and fret the awful whirling mass  
What deafning claps hurled by the blinding flashes,  
Seems to me I detect some other ones,  
And shimmering sprites that dance did d. infully.

*Walla.*

Now I remember me that day I fought  
With five stern warriors, who discomfited,  
Wounded me took me prisoner, drag'd me thence  
And banded me for death's fierce exercise,  
Fast to the tree which had been hinged with fuel,  
And I could laugh at them. Now I could quake.

*Gabe.*

Not of the winds, not of the elements—  
There be some baffling flecks about that cloud,  
Movements and shapes not old or tempest born,  
Puzzling suspicious unaccountable.  
Vext is the soul of nature, 't will hurl down  
Wrath and the poisoned shaft of agonies.  
Arrows that rankle in the breast of man,  
And bring him to the earth.

*Walla.*

Do you not know

We have a spiritualist, Starborn the Sachem,  
Who for some half a dozen moons or more.  
Shuns our retreats, avoids us personally.  
Looks on us with a misty brow. He makes  
The Cave of Bones his only hunting ground.  
His business there is matter of mystery.  
Provokes conjecture, 'Tis no good at least.  
And he may be concerned in what we witness,  
Aided by evil spirits.

*Gabe.*

There—a glimpse  
Of forms blue thin and shadowy as the air.

*Polsis unnoticed.*

Gabe, now quite sure? Altho' a trifle lame,  
My sight is perfect. Have I caught a glimpse  
Or heard a whisper mid the bellowing storm  
Which devastates a pathway for its train?  
No phantom but the lightnings, not a whisper,  
Between the thunder claps.

*Walla*

Is this you, Polsis.  
How came you on us in this spot? We thought



79 THE CONJURER.

That you were hunting in the cedar swail.  
And here you are, sitting upon a log.

*Polsis.*

Missing my quest I straggled here. Or rather,  
An unseen Hand safe guarded me and led  
Out of the path of the terrific blast.  
A single bird rewards my hunt to-day.  
It is enough my daily lack is small.  
And being lone and having been bereaved,  
Contentment has become sufficing treasure.  
Rich hope in the Great Spirit is my cheer.  
As in the sunshine of His love I sit.

*Wal/a.*

Polsis, why need you hunt, we care for you,  
We who are younger. We esteem and love you.  
As to the wrecking cyclone now gone by  
You think imagination was the wizzard  
Who summoned forth those startling phantasies  
Perhaps it was so, But were both assured  
That witchery was used, that there were more  
Than the disturbances that come of nature.  
Such mysteries startle us.

*Polsis*

The invisible,

To probe its mysteries, attracts me not.  
 Or lay its secrets bare, I rather trust  
 The God at whose command I live. I seek  
 Nothing beyond his goodness and his love.  
 I trust him, Willa. As a weeping child,  
 I lay my head upon His lap appeased,  
 Looking up to the kindness that forbears,  
 And pity that impels my darkness ever  
 To trust Him to conduct me to the light.

*Willa* A bird, if only one, repays you, Polsis.  
 But we have taken less—nothing at all.  
 We thought our game was wounded—haply not.  
*Gabe* He went with arrow sticking in his side.  
 And in the morning likely we will find him.

*Willa*

Polsis, we cross the track of the cyclone,  
 On our return—it may be difficult,  
 You will go with us, you will need our aid,  
 And we shall profit by your kindly counsels.  
 Give me your bird and bow.

*Gabe* And me your hand,

*Polsis*

THE END



STARBORN,

THE CONJURER

Scene Ninth,

*A storm devastated mountain, beyond the lake.*

*Enter Discmbodied*

*Alvan.*

O H! for a quiet nook and undisturbed.  
They speed—yea ere the sand be run  
again,

Will they be with me—Evil is the work. ———  
Hope peace and love are barial stoues that mark  
The grave where endless joy is sepulchred.  
They are no longer love or peace or hope,  
But monuments all unendued with life,  
Standing around death's live sarcophagus.  
Two sections only, in the universe ?

One is the fair abiding place of love,  
The other holds the irons of despair,  
Close bolted in the everlasting years.  
Prison of darkness; where the gnawing worm  
Feeds and expires not. Life's a funeral chant,  
Flowing across my bosom mournfully.  
Bringing the warnings of the Holy One,  
Bringing the slighted wooings of His love,  
O'er an incredulous spirit—now too late.  
Alas—alas—cut off—shut out from joy,  
To dwell with darkness horror and remorse  
Where God beholds not, save in utter wrath.

*Enter three Demons,*

*First Demon.*

Whither our work to day? O yes. with Starborn.

*Second Demon.*

With the wild shadow hunter of the earth.

Whom we will treat to sharp realities.

A Brave, a noble Brave. Where is his heart?

*Third Demon.*

Where I have borne it. From a tumbling deep

Of bottomless conjecture, lo, he lifts  
His urgent longings. And a tempest sweeps  
From unseen sources, drifting him propense.

*First Demon.*

So you have borne him, *you!* Then who be you?  
Is not his monitor, that famous chief,  
Lola of old renown. Who then are you

*Third Demon.*

I am the oracle, I personate  
Lola the Sage, of very grave repnte,  
Whom angels carried off some years ago.  
Completed is the masque—a signal fete.  
Starborn in manhood prime is drifting off  
Out on the phantom river of his dreams.  
Drifts with his bundle to that freighted sea,  
The shoreless lake of *n* dire destiny.

*First Demon.*

A pleasant sport, sweet and invigorant.

*Alvan.*

A heavy sport—such will it prove at last—  
A heavy sport.

*Third Demon*

Still howling in thy dumps ?

I was a murderer in my mortal day,  
Studied it as an entertaining cult,

*Alvan.*

Yes, lies are native to thee, horrid fiend.  
Havoc and slaughter fatten on thy breast.

*Third Demon.*

Yes, but with these we bate the fools of earth.  
Sweet pap I fed to thee. Go hang thyself.  
Drink poison and berid thy soul of life.  
This fool will grumble till we bring him Starborn  
To be companion to his moody brain.  
Ease thee—he comes.

*Alvan.*

Ah fools, remorse most dread  
Will fasten on your desolating fangs.  
And ye shall find the arrows of perdition  
Deadlier than upas. Fool—fool that I was.

*Second Demon.*

Which is the sweeter morsel, sin or this ?

*Alvan.*

A heavier comes—a heavier—to be judged.

To feel the arrows of the Just avenger,  
 And have no hope To be aided with powers,  
 Glorious, and full of blessing in themselves,  
 And everlasting vigor; yet go down  
 To the dire prison house, where ye shall go.  
 When men are judged and dealt, And when Evil  
 Shall seek its fool, which is the doing of evil,  
 And shall not find it God will shut it out.

*First Demon.*

Never—but if?—then let us sport the more.—  
 Kindly permit us now to introduce,  
 Rololph a bold and positive freethinker,  
 A gentleman refined and eloquent,  
 Famous as an authority and studied,  
 But now somewhat morose and reticent,  
 As a mere commoner.

*Alvan.*

Alas, the day!

Rololph, we find it makes no difference  
 With the Great Book, if we pounce down upon it,  
 Sift it, defy its threatnings, hate, traduce it.  
 Its truth is stern, its penalties s.v.re.

*Second Demon.*

He makes no answer—silent in his sulks.  
But here is Walter, just a favorite,  
After some interviews and inspirations,  
Steps in to call on us and stay awhile.

*Alvan.*

Walter,—oh sad—how can I greet you here!  
O what has brought you to this awful place?

*Walter.*

Alvan, the same that sent you here before me.  
Slighting the grace of God, the offered mercy.  
Which oft we were entreated to accept.  
We heard not, but in rashness turned away.  
Witchcraft became my study—spiritism  
Absorbed my thoughts. My nights with seances,  
In darken'd chambers, with clasp'd hands and mute  
We invoked spirits of the dead.  
We trusted to an oracle perverse.  
To blasphemies that stared in face of God,  
To foolishness that spurned the Holy Book,  
Accepted lying prophecies in lieu.  
We ate the poisoned loaf and we are dead.



Ah, what avails it now to waste regret,  
When all is gone and must not be retrieved.  
We thought not reck'd not were it right or wrong;  
We took no note, we cared not that 'tis written,  
That they who commerce with familiar spirits,  
That they who practice with the spirit of obb,  
That they who deal with sorcery and enchantments,  
That they who follow these things and repent not,  
Become obnoxious to the wrath of God,  
Must sup the terrors of the Judge severe.

*Second Demon*

Hah boys, for shame, rouse up in vaunting pride.  
Flee the inevitable. Rest content.  
Shall we coax others down to call on you!

*Alvan.*

You that are blighted sow the blight broadcast.  
O leave me for I have wild thoughts and bitter.

*Third Demon*

The herald's trumpet—hark—we must nway  
To the great palace of the Rockies. Off!

*Alvan.*

Gone for a little. I revisit earth.  
Walter, unportioned in its vain illusions

Viewless and voiceless I have glided round  
The scenes which were familiar, when in clay.  
I have gone through the palaces of power,  
Tarried beside the lonely brook at eve,  
Revisited the burial mound of death:  
Where all that once was animate with hope.  
Moulders in silence till its set hour comes.  
That hour which shall rebuild it for endurance,  
Alas—alas, the shuffled days of earth,  
Rise like a fresh ripe fruit before my vision,  
Which I must taste not, which I cast away,

*Walter.*

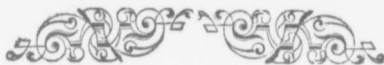
Vain cults o'ermastered us; and we, how little,  
Imaged a dread like this. Alvan, alas!

*Alvan.*

Earth wore a smile before me from my youth.  
Woody me and plied with many delicacies,  
Tender enjoyments, loving and beloved.  
And many relishes with songs and music.  
And I bethought me not that life would end.  
O I bethought me not that all was real.  
O I bethought me not that all was fatal.  
I whispered to the Holy One, depart.  
I said to Him who died for me, depart.

Depart from me till a convenient season.  
When I am more at ease, then will I seek thee.  
Or in the hour of need, then will I seek thee.  
Or I will seek thee when enjoyment fails,  
When earth delights not, and when death  
    approaches.

I thought : My heart is true and amiable,  
Safely it standeth in its own uprightness,  
Yes, Justice will acquit asuredly.  
If it have faults, who lives and hath not faults ?  
Small are its sins, trifles of eveay day,  
Ail overbalanced by each day's good deeds,  
Thus God stretched out his arms all day : and I  
Repelled his dear entreatics. Till in anger  
He took quite from me his restraining grace,  
Then earth grew desolate, The face of things  
Put on a weariness, and life brought forth  
A tedious repetition, which disdain  
Longed to cast off. For I had tasted all  
Tell there was nought of relish. Then I oped  
With aconite the secrets of this state.  
O moment of dread horror, when the veil  
Was lifted up, and the impoverished soul  
Stood o'er its clay and met things as they are!



STARBORN,

THE CONJURER

Scene Tenth,

*Starborn sleeping in his tent. Elkona beside him*

ELKONA.

**S**LEEP, dearest Starborn. Tortured by  
long vigils,  
Awful solicitations. Rest, my husband.  
Reviving and invigorating sleep,  
Hold thee in sedulous arms. Restoring slumber  
Mantle thee with a kind forgetfulness,

Behold and aucour mə, O my Creator,  
For I am sad, my heart is full of terrors,  
Crushed with a grief too heavy, O too heavy,

*Starborn dreams he is a boy standing by a wood.*

*Two girls approach him. One in plain white  
the other gaily adorned.*

*The Two Nymphs.*

Whither away, sweet Boy?

*Starborn*

Amon? the trees.

The wood is shadowy, pleasant and cool,

The sun is up. But, pretty Nymphs, who are you?

And why thus hunt me?

*Nymphs.*

O we are Escorts,

And also Guides. Say what you think of us.

Can you make choice?

*Starborn*

Nymph with the snowy garb,

Plain, without ornament—only one flower,

A rose just plucked, sparkling with drops of dew,

Who may you be? such eyes' distributive

Of something which seems silent—but it speaks!

*First Nymph.*

My name is Hope.

*Starborn*

And thine, thou other lovely,

Magnificently clad—as for a bridal,

Enhanced by shadings exquisite and charming,

Bewitching as a mystery of delight?

*Second Nymph*

My name is Hope

*Starborn*

Yes, I had guessed as much.

You are two sisters, as I think, and come  
To lead me through this forest. Is it so?

*Both*

As you shall choose.

*First Nymph*

Which of us will you follow?

*Starborn*

Both—You—ah you came down amid the snows,  
Floating and resting on a bank of pearls.  
Your aspect is a banquet in reserve,  
Spread with the grateful viands of immortals.  
I love you—really I can not help it.  
Yours is the lead.—And thou, another Beauty  
Entrancing and magnetic—terribly.  
Must one not love you also? Looks that promise  
Disclosures thrilling, new and clustering glyphs.  
Mixtures of heaven and earth, of grief and joy.  
Robed in the summer fields, wealth of the sun,

Veiled by the mists of morning, when the eye  
 Views him serenely as a golden shield,  
 Suspended on the tops of whispering pines,  
 For the first climber. Thou art rich and mighty,  
 Like my own heart whispering of many things.  
 Aspiring in its aims. And thou wilt clothe  
 Its purpose regally.

*Second Nymph*

Then follow forth. —

But see, my sister will expostulate.  
 Yes, you must listen, but regard her not.

*First Nymph*

Boy, with a future moving through the ages.  
 Look steadily, and I will show thee things.  
 Dimly it may be but of thrift most real.  
 Far off perhaps, but yet attainable.  
 Look—seek them—and acquit thee manfully.  
 And thou shalt drink the boundlessness of joy.

*Starborn,*

I gaze on glories, distant as the wave  
 On a far sea beach, rippling peacefully.  
 Lost in the reaches is its chime, but yet  
 Even in my roving fancy soothes and stills.

So, if not clearly, that which floats afar,  
Seems marvellous seems holy seems most living.  
Clothed with a light like immortality  
Yes! there may I arrive. But yet, thou kind one—

*First Nymph*

What would you ask?

*Starborn.*

Alas, how shall I carry

The gushing waters of my heart so far,  
The indescribable emotions, which,  
Like sunny waters at a mountain's foot,  
Rise up to overflow?

*First Nymph*

My little one,

If you will follow me, you shall be led  
Along a pathway through this dangerous forest,  
The only pathway that conduets unto  
A spot where Heaven descends and touches earth  
For our behoof, that we may enter it.  
And all the way will have adornings meet,  
Of beauteous cheerful and harmonious things.  
Gileless and pure. And you shall never know  
The fret of anguish, if you will engage



To follow not this other radiant one,  
Who seems my sister—but she is not so.

*Starborn.*

Yes, I will follow, I will follow—lead,  
*Goes but a little way. The other slips behind him.*

*Second Nymph,*

Fair little one, yet pause and hear a word.  
A whisper to thy heart. I show a vision  
Much brighter than my sister's—for she is  
My sister, though disowning me so strangely.  
We lead to one rich region, we are one.  
But she my senior claims ascendancy  
In dignity and unsuspected grace.  
Look in my face—what see you now, fair boy?

*Starborn.*

Freedom on wing! It seems to me, as if  
The unlanguage and mysterious energies,  
Shut up like living eagles in my breast,  
Had here an amplitude and world of beauty,  
To make their own forever. Will it be so?

*Second Nymph.*

Assuredly—I freely promise all.

*Starborn     Caught in a thicket.*

Whither, false Phantom? She was here but now  
And has escaped me. Pleasure—ease—Lo now  
In lieu of these, torn hands, torn bleeding feet.  
Brambles not glory—does it pierce my heart!  
Fierce disappointment slays each towering blade.  
*With difficulty gets out, falls over a rock,—awakes*  
My hands—they bleed—wrap them—oh haste,  
    my darling.  
My clothes—what tatters—struggling in the briars!  
My back—'tis bruised and broken by the tumble  
Over that rock!

*Elkora.*

My Starborn. O my dearest,  
You have been dreaming—let my kisses cure you.  
That cruel abstinence—oh how it serves us!  
Fasting and vigils—overmuch my Starborn.  
Now my dear starbird, fly not off again.

*Starborn.*

I am ashamed—where fled my manliness!  
How fell on me this strange hallucination?

My fondest my Elkona, never again  
Will I repeat those vigils—nor will leave you.  
Lola has disappointed me with rudeness.  
He lacks urbanity, too proud—not social.  
And fallen somewhat in my estimation.  
Yet one night more.

*Elkona.*

Rise—— our repast is eady.  
Kissing, we will not argue, but embrace.  
Dimmed is the past, but we will banish it.  
Lost in each other, life is all delight,  
And Evil sails away, a summer cloud.



STARBORN,  
*THE CONJURER*

Scene Eleventh,

*Starborn sitting in his tent. Elkona beside him,*

ELKONA.

**S**TARBORN my husband, now  
again repose,  
Thus let my kisses solace and refresh you,  
Yes, be a balm to aid those healing slumbers.

*Starborn*

Elkona—fondest—my delight—my wife !  
How have I pained you—pained such love as yours !

*Elkona*

Sweet kisses sweet embraces drown our sorrows,  
And reinstate the glory of the past. ■

*Starborn dreams he returns to the scene of his mishap. But all is changed—the rock only left.*

*Starborn.*

What re am I and who am I!—Hence—be gone!  
 Superb but false one, have you dared to come,  
 In face of my farewell—shall I approve you,  
 Treacherous and false?

*Second Nymph.*

Alack, my pretty Boy!

Now boy no longer—a deliberate Brave,  
 Brimfull of life and rapturous euergies,  
 Yet ignorant that disaster is a Thresher,  
 Sent forth to thresh out folly in the skull.  
 Expect to prosper and not suffer something?  
 Toil is the way to glory—thro' a hedge  
 Of the incessant thorn, o'er jagged crags,  
 Awed by imperious gulfs and hidden traps.  
 Up! up! behold in the glad future! see!

*Starborn rises and rushes forward.*

*Second Nymph.*

Fo'low me closely—yes, my hand in yours.  
 The way is treacherous—snares and traps&pits.  
 Ah you have sprung one—but escaped its teeth.

Being so light I trip along unharrassed.  
Now climb the hill—what? take me in your arms!  
How kind of you, how noble; now indeed,  
Success is certain to you—ultimate triumph  
Is quite assured to one so true so gallant,  
Quite to the top. So loyal are you Starborn,  
Never shall I forget you, But must leave you  
To rest in quiet from your toilsome tramp.

*Starborn*

Her name—can it be Hope! So quickly off,  
Leaving me lonely on this rock-girt hill.  
The tremulous murmurs of the mountains creep  
From the massed foliage. Even the dromed cliffs  
Glow in deliberate beauty. There is song,  
The voices of a score of happy birds.  
And I could also sing, if that my breast  
Were not the abode of stony desolation.  
How can the heart be dried to a mere relic.  
There sleeps a thrill inspiring in these grotts.  
Trees moss-trailed, nests, birds, beaver ponds  
and dams.  
Have watched admiring, creatures great and small,

And I have loved all these, but now they fail  
 To shake the heavy mantle of those doubts  
 That trail about me, Hope, sly nymph, is off.  
 Thought sallies, and returns in heaviness.  
 Dreams that disturb me, a distaste of life,  
 Much lassitude of purpose and endeavour,  
 Forewarn some state, some possible existence,  
 Quite uncongenial, which may be impending.  
 These thoughts a truce. It must be otherwise.

*Appears,    Mysterious Messenger,*

What must be otherwise ?

*Starborn*

Mysterious Messenger,

That you are such I know, I have been musing,  
 And crave your kind indulgence.

*Mysterious Messenger.*

Foolish son,

Whither have strayed thy stumbling purposes,  
 Thy darkened counsels ? Thou art on a brink !

*Starborn.*

Perhaps—but furious sateless hankerings,  
 Feast on my vitals. And who shows me aid ?

*Mysterious Messenger*

Where have you looked for aid?

*Starborn.*

I have explored

Ontlying skirts of the invisible,  
Called tho free spirits of my anecstors,  
Since earthly aid prevails not to remove  
This gnawing from my vitals.

*Nysterious Messenger,*

Proud bold man!

Have you thus trampled underneath your feet  
The reason given you to be your gnide,  
And sought you knew not whom? *Vanishes.*

*Stardarn.*

Well this is curious—possibly. alarming.  
Hey! what comes now--bound in a bag of mist?  
Lola—why come with arrow in drawn bow?

*Lola.*

You have offended me. Am I a dog  
To be reproached and chided? I hold here  
This arrow for you---wiuged it goes to you,  
Swift to your breast. *he falls!*



*Starborn, aroused by the shock.*

Your barb went true, Lola! could I believe?  
Deep deep——just here it rankles.

*Elkona*

Dearest Starborn,  
O you are wounded badly! but my kisses  
Will fetch the arrow out and heal the hurt.

*Starborn*

Whence come these horrible hallucinations?  
How kind of you, my sweet girl, O my darling,  
To pardon me, to love me! after all  
That I have done to rob your happiness.  
You bid me think no more of it—how can I  
When now, as if to supplement those vigils,  
Bold dreams that stride and rally fall upon me.  
This puzzles me——It may be ominous.

*Eikona.*

Dreams are mere freaks of wild imagination,  
And import nothing. We will banish them  
By mutual joy of heart, by rapturous kisses.  
But my dear starbird, I shall clip your wings,  
If ever you take flight again—remember.



STARBORN,

THE CONJURER

Scene Twelfth,

---

*Invisible Palace of the Rockies.*

GREAT HALL

SATAN superbly Enthroned.

Surrounded by armed guards.

The Gods, some with equipages, arrive.

Princes alight from flying scythe-armed chariots.

Demons in companies respond to the summons.

*Trumpet. Herald.*

Fall down, fall down ye gods and worship Satan.

The God of Hell—he makes your altars fat.

With blood with horrors bodies and souls of men.

Gold, and its winnings.

With all abominations.

*Flourish of trumpets.*

*Herald.* Attention ! hosts of Hell.

SATAN.

THRONES dominators rulers of black night,

My loyal subjects.

Behold your god ! To me you owe all triumphs

I robed you in the splendor of vast worlds,

The enormous wealth of this immense star cloud.

For you I won it by my venturous skill.

Lying audaciously to its myriad Eves.

*A shout and peals of instruments.*

I am your God, I boast ubiquity

Throughout this Nebula. Mine is its glory.

I won it by my tact, Securely hold it

By my magnific strategy. Behold me,

The sly deceiver, the audacious liar,

Seated in splendor on this throne of hell.

*Thunders of applause.*

Here, on this rocky rib of the split world,

One of the temples of my kingdom hides.

Proud and magnificent incomparably,

The mighty work of famous architects,

Here I administer this contineut,  
Mounted in statc on throne with jewels blazing.  
Here have I planned stupendous wickedness,  
And power and splendor reaching to the clouds.  
Here fed defiant sin till it brought down  
With its red hand, the ruin I devised.

*Loud applause and terrific explosions.*

Halls of my king lom, proud and earth-escaping,  
Monnted on fiery crests and ice-clad peaks,  
Stand hidden and invisible to men,  
Even conjecturally, and ignored  
By seientifics sharp, by rational test.  
But being viewless they are not less real.  
And in proud galleries eabinets and closets,  
Pictures of desolations of the past,  
Mementos, glypts, and strictures tersely written,  
Transparencies and photos of great spoilers,  
Illume and deorcate its signal realm.  
Giants of wickedness, amazons and chiefs,  
Mighty in deeds too horrible to tell,  
Have here the place of honor of renown.  
The kingdoms of the world and all their glory,

I give to all my hosts of worshipers.

*Musketry and cannon,*

*Herald.*

Prince Beelzebub!—room, room for the review.

*Beelzebub.*

Troop Number One, renowned for loyalty.

*Leader*

We are Familiar Spirits, In our ranks  
Are found the plastic and seductive natures,  
Who creep into the confidence of souls,  
And sap the hope of immortality.

*Beelzebub*

But is that all?

*Leader*

That is the ultimate  
By us desired and oftentimes attained.  
We visit seances. We formulate  
The routine spiritualistic. We supply  
Substitutes frequently. For still it happens,  
That some one called may be a bit too gloomy,  
Too stubborn or morose. Or yet not quite  
In tone with his surroundings. Or averse

To always lying glibly and pretending  
That he is very happy and content,  
In this dire hold of a disturbed existence.  
Others we know angels have carried off:  
But we can do them very cleverly.  
So as to satisfy and please their friends,  
With a sweet persuasion of the truthfulness.  
Our memories are clear, and our resources  
Quite ample for occasions of this class.

*Beelzedub*

But have you not a noble victim—Starborn?  
How did you wind about him, cunning devil?

*Leader*

I whispered him in the woods, I spoke to him  
From out the fallow leaf, more than the voice,  
The excellent voice of wisdom which is in it.  
This he perceived not. I combined the thought  
The salutary certainty of decay,  
With fearful foreign desperate adjuncts.  
And he grew miserable—and saw it not!  
I drew a shade fouler than erebus.  
Thicker than midnight, teeming as the grave,

Wild as the realm of the brain with phantasies,  
And sevenfold bar'd, as are the mid-earth's secrets.  
This mask was death to his devoted wife,  
That wife who was—who is his joy supreme,  
The echo of a melody divine.  
So sweet, so charming. Yet, incredible!  
He shunned her, fasted, spent the nights in vigils  
For *Lola* had high revelations for him,  
To be obtained through these preliminaries.  
Thus *I* befooled him. And the Sagum proud,  
Sagacious, cool, of high and noble mettle,  
Fitted to cope with most things possible,  
Became contemptible—and knew it not.  
And then I stole to him in the dark of the moon.  
And juggled in his ear strange contradictions,  
Approved by tests commended to the senses.  
By actual movements, noises audible  
To the attentive ear, involved, mysterious.  
By fascinating power impregnated.  
Flashing absurdities, like flaming brands  
Scattered among the stars. And contradictions  
Like comets thwarting the great universe.

Magnificent in terror. Witness Peers,  
 How kindly have I borne me to him, meek.  
 An angel of light, a paragon complete.  
 Patient and fostering his perplexities,  
 Yes, I am Lola the magnificent,  
 His fathers' Grandsire And have counselled him  
 Heroically counselled him and showed  
 The glories of the shallow Land, And claim  
 To introduce him to its thailling walks.

*Beelzebub*

Approved. Troop No. 2 report

*Leader.*

Our game is lunacy. The sad, dismayed,  
 Those who have ceased to trust in Providence,  
 Invite us and we enter and possess them.  
 Stick to them and control them while they live.  
 We hold them—but not all of them are ours.  
 To some, in mercy are we delegated,  
 To wrap the sufferer in oblivions dreams.  
 And all the bitter past drops powerless.  
 Sometimes we goad the lunatic to fury.  
 And arm him with the thews of many devils.





STARBORN,

THE CONJURER

Scene Thirteenth,

---

*Invisible Palace of the Rockies.*

GREAT HALL

BEELZEBUB.

MY true Fiends now, my Faculty of Science,  
What progress breezes in the signal cult,  
Of making null and void the truth of God,  
In the first chapter of the Holy Book?

*Professor of Embryonics.*

We teach the hunting up of origins  
By observation and historic test.  
And by deduction fair and reasonable.  
And by these methods it is clearly proved.  
That this great star-cloud and this little globe,

Were not created by a single word,  
Hurled forth stupendous from the Almighty's  
sling.

And furnished and completed in six days.  
But had its origin in potent atoms.  
From which grew all this wondrous cloud of stars  
In process of vast ages upon ages.  
Read in the testimony of the rocks.

Are we not authors of this proud procession,  
Of independent, self-efficient forces ?  
That, unassisted figured and imposed  
The mighty globes, plants, animals, and all  
The beauty and variety we see ? —

A figment, which stupidity itself  
Would hoot to think of—but we carried it !

*Laughter and stamping*

Keen scientists—they gobbled it with gusto !  
Exhilarant—yes God is waived away,  
There is no need of Him—and so thought we.  
Though a few clerics had some qualms at first,  
They bowed them to the findings of the strata.  
Blind common sense inspired by us was victor.

We made those Six Days vast and visionary,  
By the great Hebrew figurately told. -  
Thus turned to nonsense the supreme Seven days  
Made the High Maker a mere looker on.  
An unknown complementary quantity.  
Quiescent and not ascertainable.

*Deafening shouts of applause*

Thus we befooled men of titanic mould,  
By matter multiform, in varied grades,  
Showing the grasp of ages deep throughout.  
Scouting the instantiety of God,  
Declared in the dread Book—yes, THE Almighty,  
Who at impossibilities loud laughs,  
Loading an instant with the toils of ages.  
That word creative, which at once brought forth  
Those myriad myriad globes in water wrapt.  
Each with its locked-in stores. And every sphere  
Magnificently furnished in six days.  
Can they believe it? no! And thus we have them  
Out on construction, making estimates!

*Beelzebub.*

Professor, through your craft, why do they not  
Treat Adam as they treat the globe he walked on?  
How could he be a man with bones and bowels.  
Flesh, joints, complete : not rising in his structure  
From a mere egg, but made off-hand—how could he?

*Professor*

Perhaps a puzzle, as you say, my lord.  
But our solution quite disposes of it :  
By studying nature and collating facts,  
We—setting wide all other origin—  
From lower mammals introduce the Race.

*Reelzebub.*

Much have you done for mighty Satan's glory.  
Yes, philosophic borers of the globe,  
You teach, that it is safe and only safe,  
To trust the testimony of the earth,  
Its soil its rocks its strata and its fires,  
Its fossils, dried up seas and vestiges,  
As the true index of it toppling ages.  
Tho' clashing with the Sacred History.

*Clapping of hands.*

And now, my trusty Torturers, attend.

Dread epileptic and strong madhouse fiends.  
 Ho, you have lost your evil reputation!  
 And epileptics now no longer wear  
 The badge of devil-possession, but in this day,  
 When every mystery is ferrited  
 Experts have classed you as a mere disease,  
 And madness as a malady of the brain.  
 And nothing supernatural or Lellish,  
 So we escape, For there is not enough,  
 Of Faith that once was, to bring down the arm  
 Of Heaven to oust us. So, my braves toil on,  
 A legion now may torture and possess  
 The hapless wretch, and raid and wreck  
 unchallenged. —

Legion propense, Enchanters terrible,  
 You who of old fed the Assyrian King  
 With herbage as an ox. Draw near—report,  
*Chief.*

To us belong the power and mystery  
 Of transformations. We can constitute  
 A slave, a prince Oft have we set the beggar  
 On a proud throne. To him the dream was real.  
 And we have turned the prince into a cock.

And heard him crow and strut and flap his wings  
To execute some doom of Providence,  
Oft impious pride is yoked with demons dire,  
In hopeless mask of beast or reptile base.  
And we have turned the culprit to a god—  
Yes Molech, and he lustily cried out:  
Quick with your children to my fiery arms!  
Yes I am Molech! Bring them, ! bring them!  
bring them!      *Laughter and stamping.*

*Beelzebub.*

Enchanters, necromancers, scientifics,  
The spirit of Obb is obsolete—annulled!  
The spirit of Obb is now a natural gift,  
An art by practice trained. Now you may safely  
Make any sort of racket or strange voices,  
Under the ground, on house roof—anywhere,  
And all, my veterans, pose as natural gift.

*Herald.*

Trumpets, and every instrument of blast,  
Loud celebrate the Majesty of hell.

*Band, a flourish.*

Past is the blare of trumpets, let the clangor  
Give place to the sweet melody of sighs.

With pantomime, and symbols of distress,  
 Screamings of torture and dread agonies.  
 The freshness of hopes blighted and despair.  
 The platitudes of anger and revenge.  
 The shocks of ruin, wars, and pestilence.  
 All in low pulsings, chastened from afar,  
 To honor hell's great Demon on his throne.

*Coacert and pantomimes.*

All mimicry and protocols at rest,  
 Deep silence! Satan—listen, bow in dread,  
 THRONES, Powers of my dominion dominant  
 I crown you lords of earth and gods of night.  
 Proudly I boast that we are here forever.  
 This cloud of globes I won for you, my sons.  
 'Tis mine, 'tis yours, and shall be ours forever!

*Halts—shudders.*

A qualm comes over me! The mighty Victor,  
 To dash my pride, compels me—curbs me now.  
 He, the great only KING, the only GOD.  
 The Holy—the Almighty. Yes He built it—  
 This wondrous Star-cloud. Many of us beheld it.  
 At one word rise from nothing—countless orbs

In place and motion, wrapt in waters rose  
As in a dream. And many of us can witness.  
All wondrously completed in six days.  
I saw it. I admired and coveted  
I coveted this star-cloud vast and glorious.  
For I was vast and glorious, and possessed  
Ubiquity commensurate with its bounds:  
I coveted, I won it and therewith  
Wrath—endless retribution for us all.  
I know, the King who formed this Nebula,  
Will one day burn it and annihilate it.  
And in its place create another nobler,  
And there no foe can enter. Yet I hold  
The glory of this bevy of vast orbs  
And you have been its gods Temples and altars,  
Strange sacrifices, and the grateful horrors  
Of wars and pestilences, rage and havoc.  
We have been sportful with all delicacies,  
And blear abominations, We have cheated  
What hosts with phantoms fond and speculations  
Of fame and fiction, pleasures of every name.



And greedily have all my baits been eaten.  
But am I now despoiled—Alas, my friends,  
Great as I am and mighty, The Almighty  
Curbs me before my worshipers. I tremble,  
I, who am armed with vigor, being immortal.  
I who have taught the choice ones of the earth,  
To quibble with God's word, to spear with glosses  
And turn its truth to nonsense. Yes, the simplest  
And most direct of language, is believed  
To hold a trope, or figure underlying,  
That quite distorts it and dissolves in mist.  
Instances——But alleged reluctantly.

When Joshua, victorious Hebrew, cried—  
Sun! stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou Moon  
In valley of Ajalon! It was done.  
The motions of the orbs that moment stopt,  
And no catastrophe, or interference.  
Yes, for about a day, so stands the record—  
But who believes it? is there one, even one?  
Some don't say boldly, 'tis incredible.  
But those great orbs they know could never stop,

'Twould mean destruction inexpressible !  
 Real extension must be feasible !  
 Perchance, hyperbole of a great leader,  
 In the enthusiasm of signal conquest !  
 For miracle is not to be supposed !

When the king Hezekiah bade Isaiah  
 Bring back the shadow on the dial of Ahaz.  
 Those ten degrees—God did it, brought it back,  
 Stopt and turned back the globe, and put to shame  
 The rule of nature. But who credits it ?  
 Really believes God actually did it ?  
 Or even can suppose that God could do it ?  
 Ah, miracle comes not within the sphere !  
 Stop, and turn back this globe—impossible !  
 'Twould mean destruction, vast, unparallelled !  
 Mark the accord with our philosophy,  
 Which we have sedulously inculcated !

My worshipers we have regaled and feasted,  
 With all enormities conceivable.  
 Sublimed the natural wickedness of men,  
 With cruelties unnamed and dire indulgence.  
 Repeated raids have swelled the spoil of doom.

But can we train our hearts to drop t' e secret  
 Of a hereafter and a molten lake ?  
 Dread lake of fire and brimstone ever burning !  
 Can we snuffuse with figure—for ourselves,  
 Make it read something else, put out its fires,  
 All physical fire—and charm it as for others ?  
 Is it for us—and must we suffer it ?  
 There, self-absorbed, all power for evil chained.  
 Each in himself recieve the meed of wrath ?  
 Yonder !—dreadLake—created purposely  
 For us ! There our deluded wors i, rs.  
 All the vast multitudes caught in ou nets,  
 Will aid to heap its horrors. Steel your Lo. ts.  
 The wages of rebellion waits its hour,  
 Inevitable. God The Just One lives.

*The check is removed, the qualm ceases.*

*Satan looks around indiguently.*

*Arouses—swells with pride*

Thus have I talked romancing, my sweet friends,  
 Stalked our tall industries with queer admissions  
 As if to fright you. But you know 'twas done  
 Merely to try your mettle—test the edge

Of sturdy resolution. None of you  
So slack as to be startled at my policy.  
Oft linked with exigences fresh and winning,  
Transformed behold me—yes, an angel of light.  
And all for you, my myriad worshipers.  
The qualm is fled. Always am I myself,  
The unconquerable entity of evil.  
The god of Hell. On with our hosts to conquest.  
Success is ours, yes ! triumph absolute.

*Herald.*

*Now, before the Conclave shall be dismissed,  
Pæns and loud acclaim to mighty Satan.*

*Faint responses.*

A panic seizes the worshipers.  
Shuddering they disperse.



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STARBORN,

THE CONJURER

Scene Fourteenth,

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*The Lodge. Elkona and Starborn.*

ELKONA

O WHAT delight my Starborn, 'tis  
to know,  
Your vigils now are closed, and your  
strange quarrel

With the delights of home, have ceased forever.

Must you revisit that terrific cave,

Where Lola was so rude so arbitrary.

Yes, even compelled you to a future audience?

My Starborn, can you think that it was Lola?

*Starborn.*

Elkona, my most beautiful, my joy.

He came with dogs fresh from the hunting grounds  
Equipped and lordly in his mien. But then  
I was offended—he refused to talk.  
And simply for evasion disappeared.

*Elkona.*

Starborn, O listen to me. my dear husband,  
Go not again to that dread cave of bones.  
Let me entreat you,

*Starborn.*

Nay, Elkona dearest  
It is because I love you, that those vigils  
In the recesses of that frightful cavern  
Were undertaken,

*Elkona*

O my Chief my Starborn.  
Those fiends deceive you. In my heart I know  
That they are evil and that you transgress  
The Laws that shine upon us from the Heavens,  
Go not again. Lola it it cannot be.

*Starborn.*

Lola sage chieftain—but I will address him,  
And you shall hear him answer for himself.

*Places his hands on an oblong stone.*

Lola, magnific Sahgum of old days,  
 Convince Elkona—tip this heavy stone—  
 It rises—hold it there!—now let it fall.  
 Now you have seen, Elkona, my most dear.

*Elkona*

Starborn! I shake with terror—it is evil.  
 Lola the good and valiant is not here.  
 Some evil spirit mocks you.

*Starborn.*

Now Elkona——

*Places hands on the stone,*

Art thou indeed sage Lola—an I no other?

*Stone tips high——falls.*

Lola, renowned proud chieftain of old days,  
 Tell me, art thou most happy and content?

*Stone rises perpendicular——falls heavily.*

Are there broad hunting grounds and nimble game  
 And hills and plains in that free world of thine,  
 And dogs and full equipment for the chase?

*Stone tips high and falls, repeatedly.*

Are you convinced Elkona?

*Elkona sits silently, a little off.*

Now, my love,

On this flat stone with dry sand overspread,  
An ample disk, I take my spear and stand.  
Leaving its point at liberty to trace  
By diagram, scenes in the happy hills,  
Lola! renowned, proud Sahgum guide this spear,  
And show my dear Elkona, my sweet wife,  
Some etchings of the undiscovered scenes,  
That yet await us in the viewless realm.

*Various figures are traced by the point of  
the spear, which Starborn holds at arms  
length, with his hand high on the staff.*

Now my Elkona, now my wife my darling.  
Can you not rest content and quite assured  
That Lola and no other has been here?

*Elkona*

Starborn my dearest husband, O the horror  
Of these most cruel things! They will torment u  
I feel it in my heart—I know it! Cease—  
No more hold correspondence with these spirits.  
O cease my husband, cease—no good can follow.  
*Inawan whistling hops in, bow slung over shoulder*



*Inawan.*

Oh, here you are,

Both of you—both, yes you my pretty girl——  
But what has happened, what now breaks your  
heart?

Starborn is here—frolisome as a crow!

Starborn, I tell you what—I mean to spank you.

You never again shall make Elkona cry.

*Starborn.*

But what should I outrun you and spank first?

*Pretending to spank him.*

There for you—and I'll beat you at a mark,

But no—you have no arrows.

*Inawan*

But I have.

*Elkona*

Come here, my Inawan, come here and kiss me.

Have never seen you—no—for ever so long.

*Taking him up and kissing him.*

*Inawan.*

See how I hug and kiss your pretty girl.

Be jealous if you like—but I will spank you,

If ever again you leave her and be bad.

She didn't laugh the day that someone chased you  
And pounced upon you under that old tree.

*Starborn.*

Now Inawan, ar'nt you too sharp with me?

*Taking him up.*

Where are your arrows, have you lost them all,  
What did you fire at, and how many did you?

*Inawan*

Five to begin with, three were fired at squirrels,  
Two at a hawk—but did not get him either.  
On my return will pick up every arrow.  
But O what now—those figures on the slab?  
Have you been making crows and bears and deer?  
Elkona, did he—did the Chief make these.  
To please you when you looked so sad? I love him  
For doing this to make his dear girl happy.  
Now I must off and pick my arrows up.

*Elkona*

Ask Alno your dear mother, to come over,  
And bring your sister also sweet Nezala.  
So with a kiss goodbye dear Inawan,  
Every good boy makes everybody happier.



STARBORN,

THE CONJURER

Scene Fifteenth,

*The Lodge. Elkona and Starborn.*

ELKONA

**O**VER the quiet of a heart at ease,  
Falls the soft blanket of forgetfulness.  
But my dear Starborn, in unresting sleep,  
By wild imaginations is beset.  
Talks loudly—oft with Lola, as he thinks.  
And now in dream he enters the dread Cave.

*Starborn.*

Thus, in a hollow of this monster's skull,  
This torch I place, and rest—and think of all.  
Here sleeps the past—here, and no episode  
Takes up the tale. Or reproduces forms

Majestic and amazing. Oa this thigh  
Of some gigantic anamal I sit,  
To smoke the plant, the gift of the Great Spirit,  
Who made it and enlued its fumes with virtues  
Of grateful fragrance and relieving quiet.  
It clears the senses, cheers, it aids the power  
Of frugal meditation. Not in vain  
Are the Great Spirit's gifts.— No ! not away  
Now to my lodge. What, shun it even yet !  
Thoughts can't be shunted thus, ah no evasion!  
She stands before me, bathed in love and tears  
She, the one lovely. Ycs ! I love to madness.  
Dearest Elkona, have I murdered you,  
Yes, tortured you by absence and restraint.  
A mystery of penance, griefs imposed  
By Lola the distinguished, From the summers  
Long fled. But this night ends the trial.  
And a great splendor will ensphere us both  
Enraptured and alive. The hour—it comes,  
Then, in the great saloon of icicles,  
Lola will grasp my hand, and with the lore  
Of power will arm me.—Make me sure of it !

Have roused myself by talking—have list'ned  
My dearest, Yes, I scorn myself, that now  
My slumbers are but gambols not repose  
Your dear solicitude which I deserve not,  
Floods me with shame. I blush, my love, albeit  
Powerless to do as you desire—just yet,  
When the moon rises full and round to-morrow,  
Hours intervene, but at that time I must  
Visit the cavern. And I purpose then  
To drop the inquisition, and content,  
Will visit it no more.

*Elkona*

My dearest Starborn,  
Let me go with you. O indeed you must.  
You shall not stir a step without me—no!  
Yes, I will follow you if you refuse.

*Starborn*

Fondest Elkona, do not tell me that.  
The place is not befitting nor the hour,  
For my sweet girl.

*Elkona.*

Starborn, I am resolved.

*Stardorn.*

Well now my love, we'll drop the uupleasat theme

*Elkona.*

Starborn my husband, yes—if you relent'

Or will not go yourself.

*Starborn.*

My precious wife'

Where I must stand is by a gaping pit,  
 A frightful chasm, And at the bottom rolls  
 A hidden stream in murmurs melancholy.  
 If you are scared when Lola lifts a stone,  
 Or with a spear point, on a sheet of sand,  
 Portrays the game of ranges unexplored.  
 How could you meet the famous chief himself,  
 August magnificent and venerable  
 With years and honors? Think of it no more.  
 And as a Chieftain I must meet him Donned  
 With all the trappings and the proud reserve  
 Pertaining to my rank.

*Elkona*

And as your wife,

I will array myself and go with you ! \_\_\_\_\_

*Starborn.*

Dearer than life, my darling, say not so.  
You can not—must not—could not bear the sight.

*Elkona.*

Starborn, for your sake and to be with you,  
I'd face a thousand devils. And shall one  
In stolen form and posing as a chief,  
Daunt me? He shall not!

*Starborn.*

O my precious girl,  
You freeze me with these words--It must not be.

*Visitors, Almo with Nezala come in.*



STARBORN.

THE CONJURER.

Scene Sixteenth.

*Near the Cave. Semmo and Thylpa with  
bows and arrows and game*

SEMMO.

**L** O O K !—yes 'tis they the Sahgum and  
his wife.

*Thylpa.*

The beautiful the amiable Elkona,  
The splendid proud but fiend-deluded Starborn.

*Semmo*

Both regally attired with plumes and belts!  
Arm linked in arm—he with a spear and torch!



*Thylpa.*

Starborn 'tis thought is now domesticated,  
Retrieved. and shortly will again assume  
The leadership.

*Semmo.*

It is the general wish.

But can he be returning to the cave.  
Taking his wife to have a peep—at what ?

*Thylpa.*

A scope for our imaginations, Semmo,  
Without unridling aught But they are coming,  
And will accost us as familiar friends.

*Pass, Chieftain and Wife.*

*Starborn*

Semmo and Thylpa ! From the hill you come.  
We also wish to taste the balmy gloaming.

*Thylpa*

Chieftain and Lady ! We congratulate you  
On a delightful stroll.

*Starborn*

Yes, yes, dear lads.

We see you have been hunting. Were you far ?  
Were you successful—many on the wing,  
Rabbits or bigger game ?

*Semmo.*

Starborn, we did not.  
Just a few birds. Our purpose was a ramble.

*Thylpa,*

And we strayed further, and a little onward,  
And somewhat yet, till we o'erstept the hour.  
Elkona please accept a brace of pigeons,  
And at your tent we'll leave them as we pass.

*Elkona*

O thank you, Thylpa, you are very kind.  
Leave them, and come to-morrow both of you,  
We like to have you for a pleasant feast.  
I and my husband now are on a stroll.

*They pass along.**Thylpa.*

Onward they pass. Such noble forms! And she  
A princess—yes, an angel. After all  
The nameless anguish he has caused her, see  
Her love seems not estranged, but even deeper.  
But there's anxiety in that sweet face,  
Exquisite even in sadness. Unaccountable—

*Semmo.*

Both in full dress, as if for some great congress.  
Gone evidently to the Cavo of Bones.

*Thylpa*

A pleading curiosity impels me.  
I am adventurous, and here, a mystery  
Of something unaccountable iuvites me.  
So new that it will justify research.  
And intermeddling. Semmo, shall we not?  
You answer yes. Here then we leave our game.

*At the Cave.*

*Semmo.*

Thylpa, if not familiar with the Cavern,  
You have been through it, which I never have.  
Go forward then. I wait for your report.

*Thylpa enters the Cave—but soon returns.*

*Thylpn excited-ruaning*

Dead—Starborn and Elkona--both--are--gone !

*Semmo*

Thylpa--what, murdered? O you must be crazy.

*Thylpa*

The torch that Starborn carried, he had lighted  
And set it in the erevice of a rock.

And they—locked in each others arms, were  
standing

Close to the chasm, yes on its very rim.

Thus standing, Starborn cried amid the echoes,  
Lela! the moon is round and full—come forth!

Semmo, it startled me--that apparition,

Yes! an old Chieftain in full uniform.

Then Starborn cried, Shake hands with me,  
my father!

The Phantom took his hand, and grasping it,  
Leaped down into the chasm, and pulled him  
down.

Beth were precipitated—both are lost!

Now Semmo, we must off and make the alarm.

